

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXIII. No. 2119.

London
February 4, 1942



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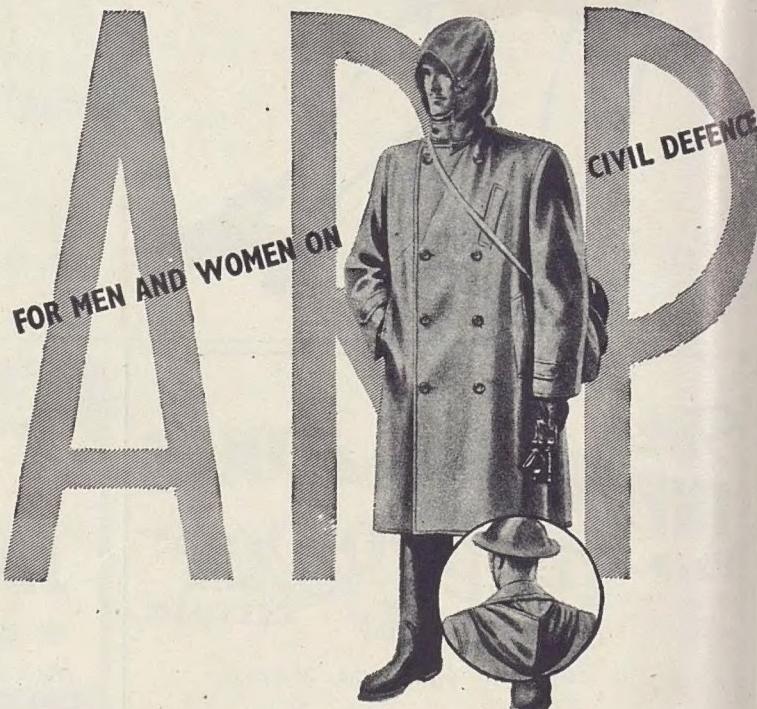
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STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

December 31, 1941

	LIABILITIES	£
Capital paid up	15,158,621
Reserve Fund	12,410,609
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	687,206,091
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits	4,886,593
Engagements	9,815,130
 ASSETS		
Coin, Notes and Balances with Bank of England	75,553,266	
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks	30,257,946	
Money at Call and Short Notice	22,214,419	
Bills Discounted (British Treasury Bills £30,196,989)	33,461,839	
Treasury Deposit Receipts	159,000,000	
Investments	206,146,013	
Advances and other Accounts	169,812,486	
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, etc.	14,701,723	
Bank Premises	9,089,436	
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.	937,500	
Shares in Affiliated Companies:		
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	...	
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THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

LONDON
FEBRUARY 4, 1942

Price :

One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXIII. No. 2119

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



The Duchess of Norfolk

Harlip

The Duchess of Norfolk married the Premier Duke and Earl Marshal of England in January, 1937. They have three children, Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard, born in 1938, Lady Mary, born in 1940, and Lady Sarah, born in 1941. The Duchess, who is the former Lavinia Strutt, daughter of Lord Belper and Lady Rosebery, is a racing enthusiast and personally supervises the training of her own horses and those owned by the Duke at Michel Grove stables on Sussex Downs. Two of her horses, Sun King and Hern the Hunter, who both ran unplaced as two-year-olds, are entered for this year's Derby which is to be run, world events permitting, with the Oaks, at Epsom, on May 25. The Duchess is an untiring war worker. She is Centre Organiser of the W.V.S. and Vice-President of the Arundel detachment of the Red Cross. From the tower of Arundel Castle, where she has her office, she organises the "Penny a Week" fund in West Sussex



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Friendship and Power

LORD BEAVERBROOK is to be given all the power of a Production Minister, such as critics of the Government have been demanding, without the title. Nor will his new responsibilities give him access to more real power, for he's got more than any other member of the Government through his close friendship with the Prime Minister. Those who assert that the Government is a one-man show are wrong; it is at least a two-man Government.

Mr. Churchill and Lord Beaverbrook are inseparable these days, and unequalled and indefatigable in their partnership. This reminds me; I haven't heard of Lord Beaverbrook threatening to resign lately. One used to hear the rumour every week. Probably he's taken the late Lord Northcliffe's advice to heart at last; anybody can resign, or threaten to!

General Post

MORE Government changes are coming along, but nobody can yet say whether they will include Sir Stafford Cripps or not. He's certainly become the big talking point in politics, although I think it is rather foolish of people to assume that he's next for the premiership for that cannot possibly be so. In my opinion Sir John Anderson will come before him, and possibly Mr. Anthony Eden. But I may be wrong.

In any case, Sir Stafford Cripps doesn't strike me as being a calculating politician.

He says that he's willing to do anything in his power to help the war effort, and that he's got no personal ambitions. There are, I gather, some people he might gib at working under. I'll help by stating that one of them is not Mr. Churchill. Sir Stafford may have become more politically sophisticated since his sojourn in Moscow, but he still hates being high-hatted by capitalists, and somebody has been doing that.

Reconstruction Post

MRR. CHURCHILL has been intent on making certain changes for some time, but he stubbornly refuses to do anything under duress, whether the suggestion comes from his own party caucus, or from a gentle hint in *The Times* leader column. When these things happen he just sees red, and kicks the cat around. So we may have to wait several weeks, until the effects of last week's debate have finally departed. Then we may have some new faces on the Treasury Bench.

Some young men are going to be promoted. One of Sir Stafford Cripps's most pointed comments on his return from Russia was that Stalin, being a great strategist, had put his old generals in a safe and proper place and promoted young officers on the Moscow Front to high rank and they had rewarded him brilliantly. Some other countries, said Sir Stafford, might usefully copy Stalin in that respect.

Before he left Russia Sir Stafford was asked if he would like to be Minister Without Port-

folio in Mr. Churchill's Government, with the special task of studying Post War Reconstruction in all its widest aspects.

Powerful Parliamentarian

THE Prime Minister's speech at the opening of the war debate was the most powerful Parliamentary performance of his career. In spite of a cold, and an unusually hesitant delivery, his cleverly marshalled arguments steadied the House of Commons. The persistence with which he examined his case for a vote of confidence indicated that he fully appreciated the deep-seated anxiety of some of his nominal supporters.

I am by no means certain that the large majority Mr. Churchill got has set any of the critics at rest. He annoyed some sections of the Conservative Party more than ever by gibing at those who supported the Munich Agreement; and still further by seemingly arrogating to himself all the power and responsibility in the Government for successes and failures. Hence the cry that we have a one-man Government. Constitutionalists were quick to point out that by his assumption Mr. Churchill was disregarding the principle of collective responsibility which is the basis of cabinet government in this country.

Americans Arrive

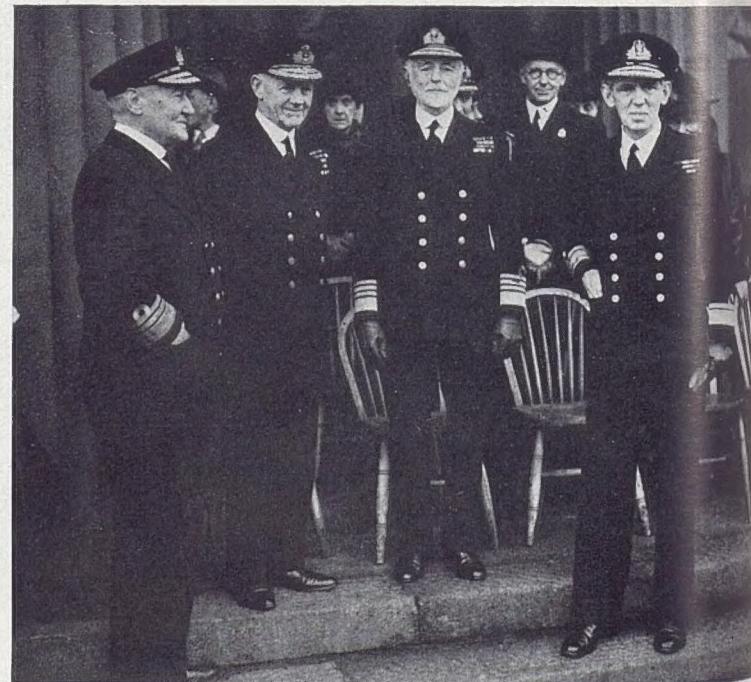
THE first American troops have landed in these islands and given practical proof that Britain and the United States are allies. But it is quite obvious that President Roosevelt attaches much importance to styles and titles for we are not to be called allies. We are the United Nations waging war on the Axis.

In Ulster the American boys are to complete their training, and be ready to resist Hitler should he come that way. As I indicated last week, here's a development for Mr. De Valera to ponder about. The Americans, or should I say President Roosevelt, may not treat Mr. De Valera with that delicate deference which has characterised our handling of him both before and since the war started.



U.S. Generals In Ireland

Major-General J. E. Chaney, Commanding Officer of all American forces in Britain, met Major-General Hartle when he arrived in Ireland with the first contingent of the American Expeditionary Force, which he commands. Major-General Chaney was formerly U.S. Army Observer in Britain, and has made several visits to England since the war, the last being in November when he accompanied Mr. Attlee on his return journey from New York



Admirals at a Parade

Vice-Admiral Harper, Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle, and Rear-Admiral J. G. P. Vivian were present at a recent parade of the Sea Cadet Corps at Wellington Barracks. The King has accepted the position of Admiral of the Corps, which is to be expanded from 12,000 to 25,000. Sir Lionel Halsey is to be its Commodore in England and Wales, and the Duke of Montrose in Scotland



The Three Days Debate in the House of Commons : Some of Those Who Were Present

Lord Wright and Sir Henry Badeley left the House together. Lord Wright is a Lord of Appeal and Sir Henry Badeley has been Clerk of the Parliaments since 1934

Lord Moyne locked his car on arriving at the House. He succeeded the late Lord Lloyd as Colonial Secretary in February, 1941

Lord Belstead remembered to bring his gas mask and tin hat to the debate. For several years Conservative M.P. for Ipswich, he was made a Baronet in 1929, and a Baron in 1938

Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox, uncle of the Duke of Richmond, and Lord Stanmore, Chief Liberal Whip of the House of Lords, went to hear Mr. Churchill's survey of the war

African Liveliness

THE situation in Libya has justified the reiterated warnings of the Prime Minister that we must expect more serious blows before victory is won. His tribute to General Rommel was justified, but so was his praise of General Auchinleck's robust character as a fighter, which certainly had a profound effect on the early stages of the campaign. But all my faith in him; but he has one unpleasant fact to face, and that is Rommel's superior gun power. The Prime Minister did not dilate on this point, as he did on a former occasion, but it is still an important factor which must be taken into account in the present circumstances. The Germans, too, have run great risks to get fresh and even more modern supplies into Tripoli, hence Rommel's rush tactics.

Australian Flare-up

DR H. V. EVATT, Australia's Minister for External Affairs, is likely to come to London to sit in the British War Cabinet under the new arrangement. Even so, he will not be anything more than an observer for he will not be able to influence the decisions save by stating Australia's case at the appropriate time. The only satisfactory arrangement would be for all the Dominion Premiers to come to London for a time, but that is not possible. Mr. Curtin knows this, and therefore the clamour from Australia is not altogether just.

In some quarters Dr. Evatt is regarded as the main springboard of the recent flare-up, and therefore his journey to London might enable him to appreciate the position more clearly. Significant was Mr. Churchill's omission of any direct reference to Mr. Curtin in his speech. The Prime Minister did not bother—and rightly so—to return any of the brick-bats Australia's Premier has hurled at him.

I think Mr. Curtin should count himself lucky, for if all the facts were revealed a different complexion might be given to the unfortunate affair, and in any case Mr. Churchill is well capable of making his phrases stick.

Internal Politics

QUITE clearly the Australians are enjoying their own particular form of domestic political game, which they are as free as we are to do. Mr. Curtin was not completely co-operative in spirit with the previous Administration, and Mr. R. G. Menzies and his friends are therefore out to ditch him. Not even the imminence of invasion is likely to stop Australian politicians from playing their game and rejoicing in the fact that they can be blunter in speech than any others using the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Thus Mr. Churchill was wise in refusing to join in the battle of words, for he would only have been blamed for butting in.

It is probably a coincidence but it's worth noting that while we in this country have just passed through our political excitement, so has South Africa where General Smuts roundly defeated his opponents who wanted to pull out of the Empire, and now Australia is in the throes. In Canada, Mr. Mackenzie King sits quietly in the seat of power without any apparent disturbances. There's no doubt that he's a most astute politician.

Spanish Scene

THE DUKE OF ALBA, thinner but as carefully dressed and manicured as ever, is back in London. His stay in Spain was prolonged by illness. His first appearance officially was in the Ambassadors' Gallery at the House of Commons where one of his companions was M. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador. They bowed formally; but nothing more. I thought the Duke's impassiveness was slightly disturbed when the Prime Minister persisted in praising the strength of Soviet Russia and the valour of the Red Army.

Students of Hitler's methods are deeply interested in General Franco's decision to close the Polish Legation in Madrid, and give the Polish Minister his passport. The decision was based on the flimsy pretext that the Polish Minister had not observed all the formalities when issuing visas to his countrymen. But those who watch closely believe that Hitler has at last put the screw on General Franco and that soon Spain will be in the war. They say that

the same thing happened to the Polish Embassy in Tokyo just before Japan showed her hand.

Archbishop's Resignation

OF all the speakers I've ever heard, the Archbishop of Canterbury has always struck me as the most polished. Had he been a professional politician he would have been a powerful and deadly debater. His resignation from the See of Canterbury came as a great surprise. He has publicly given his reasons, and I must say they are entirely convincing, but I cannot help thinking that there may have been another undisclosed cause, otherwise the decision would not have come so suddenly.

The first person approached to become his successor would certainly have caused great surprise for, apart from his great devoutness, he was not known to the general public. But I am not certain that the Archbishop of York will be translated to Canterbury, according to the usual custom, it would not surprise me if that now happens.

America's Dynamo

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's sixtieth birthday found him full of vigour and determination. The burdens of war have not diminished his energy, nor have America's misfortunes in the Pacific dimmed his faith. He has a clear, practical mind, to which is added a sense of the dramatic—he believes this is essential in the outfit of a democratic statesman. He has often twitted British Ministers with their lack of dramatic sense. But surely that cannot apply to Mr. Churchill or to Lord Beaverbrook. Both have that quality, but not in the same degree as the President who undoubtedly has made the White House the dynamo of American life.

Postscript

BACK from Russia, Sir Stafford Cripps was being questioned by a journalist who persisted in his attempts to penetrate the mystery of Premier Stalin. "There's nothing mysterious about Stalin, I can assure you. He's a Georgian, not an Englishman," was Sir Stafford's final retort.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Why Must They Have Actors?

IN 1937, on my one and only visit to New York, I fell in with that butterfly of criticism, George Jean Nathan. It occurs to me that the following entry in my diary may be of some interest:

"George Jean Nathan called to take me out for cocktails. As I do not want to drink too much—for what little drink there is in America is immensely potent—I order tea and crumpets, and get some very poor tea and very mean crumpets. The place is expensive, and I note one or two film stars who look exactly like white toy poms. They are accompanied, and obviously of the highest respectability, though only Peter Arno could do justice to their utter inability to open their mouths, and, when they do, to produce anything resembling human speech."

A LITTLE later this entry occurs:

"Nathan called this afternoon to take me to tea with Lillian Gish. She came into the room looking exactly as she did in *Way Down East*. A sad, pinched little face, with woebegone eyes looking out from under a hat like a squashed Chinese pagoda. A trim, tiny figure very plainly dressed; the whole apparition strangely reminiscent of Vesta Tilley. Since she left films she has played Shakespeare, Chekhov, and Dumas fils: "I came from the theatre, and I am glad to go back to it." Nathan has a theory that acting has nothing to do with the film or the film with acting, and that the proper function of the screen is to exploit the exuberant vitality of the Robert Taylors and Loretta Youngs, and

discard all players as soon as they cease to exuberate. He thinks Lillian was the last screen actress."

I do not believe this. Bette Davis is a good film actress, and whether she can act on the stage is not the point. Nor do I believe, as I have been jealously told, that Davis is only a good actress because of the skill with which her directors push her about, and the virtuosity with which she is photographed after being pushed about.

I know some English film stars who, if they were prodded till they were blue in the back and their directors black in the face, would still not get as far as being bad actresses. There are film stars in this country who, if they were stood on their heads and shot by a photographer hanging by his toes from a trapeze, would still not be actresses at all. Either you can play golf or you can't, and no amount of coaching will turn a non-golfer into a golfer. Either you can act or you can't, and that is all there is to be said about acting.

AT the same time, Nathan hit the nail somewhere near the head when he hinted that the function of the cinema is to purvey realism rather than art. From the earliest theatrical times of which we in this country have any record, the whole trend of the movement for the popularisation of the drama has been to get further away from imagination and draw

nearer to reality. In the Elizabethan days the spectator imagined everything—the dramatist merely had to say "A Wood" or "A Market Place," and so it became. Some centuries passed, and then Tom Robertson arrived with his real doors, real door-knobs, real mantelpieces and real overmantels. After him came the Shakespeare producers with their massive and cumbrous sets, matting to represent grass, real running water and fairies that pretended to fly. And all the time the great British public, while learning to use its eyes, was forgetting how to use its ears.

Then came the silent cinema, and with it the apotheosis of the goggle-eyed gaze and the atrophy of the ear. Whether the spoken film and the wireless will undo the mischief I don't know, though I must doubt it. To begin with, the language spoken on the Hollywood screen is the flattest that has ever emanated from the mind and tongue of man. Whatever the film, the dialogue is mostly an abysmal concatenation. "What's on your mind, sister?" "Baby, you've got me wrong!" "Boy, you sure said it." It is not an exaggeration to claim that the average Hollywood film gets along with fewer words than were known to an English agricultural labourer in the time of William the Conqueror. But that is by the way.

I go back to my original proposition, which has this rider: that the average audience will tolerate ear-interruption but not anything that breaks in on eye-absorption. In the theatre the other evening Mr. Wolfit's soliloquies in *Hamlet*, spoken in a voice of great resonance, were interrupted by coughs throughout. Next day, in similar weather, I saw a film in which during the more exciting sequences of action, there being little or no dialogue to listen to, the house was dead still. Allied to this is the well-known fact, that while stage audiences are always fidgety, cinema audiences are invariably well behaved. Which again makes my case, meaning that in the opinion of the audience what is being said, but not what is being seen, can be safely interrupted.

NATHAN'S view of the nature of the film was strongly borne in upon me at the showing of *The Sea Wolf* (Warner's). This turned out to be an admirable picture, though a little divided against itself. It tried to combine the old familiar yarn about piratical blood ships with the psychological drama of the sea captain who is a monster one minute and reads Milton the next. The film, however, did pretty well with two contending worlds, and there were two or three sequences in which the dialogue was entirely respectworthy. But I was sorry not to see those two hundred lashes in Technicolour.

ON the other hand—and this is more or less Nathan's point—I felt as I watched this film that it would have been better art if the artists employed had been less good. I couldn't help reflecting that here in the parts of the captain, the drunken doctor and the kidnapped novelist were those three excellent players, Edward G. Robinson, Gene Lockhart and Alexander Knox, and comparing their present assumptions with other metamorphoses.

Quickly the percipient reader says: "Must you not do this in the theatre and do you mind?" The answer is that in the theatre everything is on the plane of make-believe, which includes the actors, whereas in the cinema the plane is that of the real—the ship that is real floating on a real sea in real weather. The fog effects in this film are tremendous.

What then have we to do with people who are *acting*, in other words playing at being real? The ideal thing would have been a captain, doctor and author we had never seen before and should never see again! Much more could be written on this subject, but my space is at an end.



"Hoppity Goes To Town" at the Carlton Theatre

Hoppity is the hero of Paramount's million-dollar Technicolour cartoon by Max Fleischer. It is the first feature-length cartoon to tell a modern story, the story of the fight for life. Honey-bee, the heroine, is wide-eyed, flaxen-haired, appealing. Villain is C. Bagley Beetle, a financial and political success. By trickery he wins Honey-bee's consent to marry him. But Hoppity is too clever for him. Bagley and his henchmen, Svat, the fly, and Smack, the mosquito, end up in gaol with Honey-bee (left) and Mrs. Ladybird and Hoppity (right) waving a cheerful good-bye. In the foreground, Mr. Bumble (Honey-bee's father), with the two little ladybirds, points a finger of scorn

Bahama Passage

Madeleine Carroll and Flora Robson
in Technicolour

Bahama Passage, produced and directed by Edward H. Griffith, has its British première at the Plaza on Friday this week. Playing opposite Madeleine Carroll is Stirling Hayden who was with her in *Virginia*. The film was made on Salt Cay, tiny speck of an island, and on Harbor Island in the Bahamas. The cast were living on the islands, 8,000 miles from Hollywood, for nearly eight weeks. Madeleine was there considerably longer, for she arrived a month before the others to lie in the sun and get a natural tan. In fact, for the first time a Hollywood star will be seen without make-up. Her colouring is entirely natural. Both she and Stirling are fine swimmers and in the under-water shots, taken fifteen feet below the surface of the water, they refused to have doubles. Stirling Hayden is an Edward Griffith discovery. He is the tallest man in films—two inches taller than Gary Cooper



Adrian (Stirling Hayden) is the son of an old salt-mining family in the West Indies. His marriage has broken up, for few women can stand the loneliness of the island. His love for Carol (Madeleine Carroll), beautiful daughter of an unscrupulous overseer, is the theme of the story



Mrs. Ainsworth (Flora Robson) is Adrian's mother. Life has been an unhappy thing for her, yet she is afraid of its approaching end. She looks older than her age, and her face is etched with lines of pain and fear and loneliness. She is a cripple

The unscrupulous overseer (Leo G. Carroll) is using his daughter's beauty for his own ends. He has come to the island to cheat the boy Adrian of his salt-mining interests. Only through action, suspense and tragedy are his plans thwarted (Madeleine Carroll and Leo G. Carroll)



The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Variety (Metropolitan)

HERE comes a time when, after many comedies, tragedies, farces, revues, plays, highbrow and lowbrow, productions intimate and super, one pines for a whiff of variety. Max Beerbohm broadcasts on the old days in the music halls. Robert Lynd follows up with an essay. My hat! What memories! By the teeth of Marie Lloyd, by the feet of Little Tich, by George Robey's eyebrows, by Harry Tate's moustache, and by all the gods who worshipped them, let's go! But whither?

Time was when you could take your choice of the Palace, so refined, the Tivoli, so rollicking, the Coliseum, so family, the Palladium,



Peter Sinclair, "Cock of the North" who croons the Volga Boatmen in his own dialect

the Oxford, the Holborn Empire. Then the choice narrowed with the years. Now all these are, for one reason or another, out of the variety business. It's more or less a toss up between the Finsbury Park Empire and the Metropolitan in the Harrow Road—which last, being nearer, won my toss up on a snowy night, and I planked down my half-crown at the pay box, where I got a most reassuring view of a real music-hall manager of the historic type in a very white tie and a very top hat creating a healthy feeling that there hadn't been an empty seat in the house since Chirgwin.

THE "Met" is a theatre with the real music-hall atmosphere, the real music-hall caryatids, the real music-hall audience. Daring



Harry Roy, who with sixteen members of his band keeps the house amused for forty-five minutes

Darita, "The Girl on the Flying Trapeze," opened the bill and made us gasp audibly, though I thought she seemed just a little lonely. Should there not have been two daring men in tights to set her off and perform for her those little services in the way of handing a rope or giving a push behind, which were performed by an amiable stage hand?

I was composing a story about Daring Darita and her putative co-mates, now putatively in Libya, when Peter Sinclair, "Cock of the North," swung on to the stage to the lilt of the bagpipes—a braw lad of the race and the breed of Harry Lauder, smiling, cheerful, and game to make fun of his own compatriots, as when he providently removed his ring before shaking hands with the conductor. After songs national and yarns Rabelaisian, Mr. Sinclair proceeded, for an encore, and as a tribute to our Russian allies, to sing the Song of the Volga Boatmen as though it was a Song of the Volga Boatrace. Never have I heard it sung so fast. He departed, depriving us of excellent company, to thunderous applause, after curiously inquiring:

"Who was it wrote
Three Men in a Boat?
Roosevelt, Winston, and Joe."

THE turns were, indeed, all up to the mark. Stewart (assisted by Peel) gave a good example of nonchalant, take-it-or-leave-it, shoulder-shrugging tap dancing. Louis Valentine executed his slick cartoons, a surprise in every one of them, with admirable dispatch and faultless technique. And though I am not partial to performing

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Hamilton Conrad with one of his wonderful pigeons

animals on the stage, Hamilton Conrad "And his Wonderful Pigeons all of a Flutter" have long held a warm and curious corner in my heart. I could listen to Mr. Conrad's elocution for (more or less) ever.

AFTER all which, the deluge. Otherwise, Harry Roy and his Band. If I am not partial to performing animals on the variety stage, neither am I partial to performing bands—to drummers who play the zany as well as the drum, or saxophonists who cut capers as they squeeze seemingly unwilling wails out of their anguished instruments, to trombones that would surely shatter the walls of a hundred Jericho's with a single blast.

Never am I more doubtful of the blessings of civilisation than when these performing bands pervert what might be a concord of celestial sounds into a kind of Ally Sloper Carnival. How pleasant it was at the "Met" when the audience itself began to sing and the theatre was filled with the simple uncivilised efforts of those who had not been taught how to do it.

A song about Salome gave the violinist an opportunity to appear in that character with an effect that sent my heart into my boots. I should have been happier had he left the caryatids alone. Forty-five minutes of band is a heavy dose. I think I would rather hear a triangle solo lasting the same length of time. It's a pretty tinkle and easy on the ear.



Stewart and Peel, dancing stylists on the tar

Country Club Week-end

Pat Kirkwood Believes in Exercise



"I Love You" in thirty-eight different languages prominently displayed is Pat's idea of international peace and goodwill



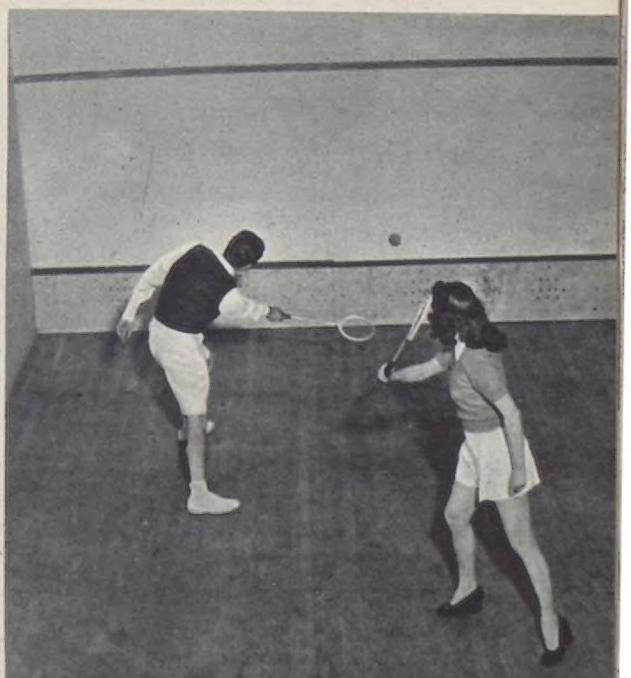
"My Golf Handicap is My Clubs," says Pat



"Ride-a-Cock Horse": Pat Does Her Morning Exercises

Five years ago, Lancashire-born Pat Kirkwood made her first appearance with Stanley Lupino in *Cinderella* at Princes Theatre. She was only fifteen then, but already provincial music halls had given her the assurance of an experienced knowledge of stage craft. Now, at twenty, she is with Stanley again, this time starring as his wife "Bonnie" at His Majesty's in *Lady Behave*. Pat made her first big London hit in *Black Velvet* at the Hippodrome. The way she put over "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" and "Oh, Johnny!" made her the first star of the war period. Later she was in *Top of the World* at the Palladium. When *Lady Behave* is withdrawn, Pat Kirkwood will be seen in a new Jack Hilton production

The Club's Instructor Gives Pat Her First Squash Lesson



Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

Famous Orders

VACANCIES in the Order of the Garter and the three other famous Orders of the Thistle, St. Patrick, and the Bath, caused by the death of the Duke of Connaught, are likely to remain open for some time to come, I hear. The King feels quite rightly that it is not fitting to bestow these honours in the middle of a war—warlike in character as they all are by origin—though, of course, if any of our Admirals, Generals or Air Marshals were to achieve some really spectacular success against the Nazis, his Majesty might well offer one of the Knighthoods to him.

The Statutes of the Most Noble Order of the Garter lay it down that there shall be only twenty-five Knights, excluding foreign sovereigns, like the now disgraced Emperor of Japan, whose name has been struck off the roll and his banner removed from above his stall in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and placed in the vaults. It is one of the most exclusive Orders in the world. Earl Baldwin of Bewdley is the junior Knight. He was admitted to the Order in 1937.

One of the present Knights Grand Cross will probably be appointed to succeed the Duke as Great Master of the Order of the Bath, and I should not be surprised if his Majesty's choice fell on his uncle, the Earl of Athlone.

One of the Knighthoods, that of St. Patrick, is unlikely ever to be filled, as the practice of bestowing this Order has been discontinued for a good many years now. The motto of the Order is "Quis Separabit?" and each Knight has a mantle of sky blue satin wrought in Ireland. Investitures used to be held in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, and afterwards in Dublin Castle.

The Queen and the Polish Premier

THE Queen, whose vast experience of great ceremonies has never dulled her pleasure in them, was very touched by an unrehearsed little function which took place in private the other day at Buckingham Palace.

General Sikorski, Commander-in-Chief of the Polish Army, newly back from inspecting his troops who are fighting in Russia, brought her Majesty a present from them. It took the form of a small shield made out of coins of the ancient Kingdom of Poland, such as the Polish Knights wore on their arms as a mascot. The smiling, courteous General told the Queen,

with his great charm of manner, that his soldiers had sent it to her to bring her luck for always. (The Poles, by the way, have such never-failing, super-excellent manners that I sometimes wonder if the old phrase, "polished manners," has anything to do with our gallant ally.)

Deeply as he admires us, General Sikorski has never got round to mastering the English language, and so his conversation with the Queen was carried on in French, which her Majesty speaks fluently, with a good accent and almost faultless idiom. It was while she was in Scotland with the King, just twelve months ago, that the Queen won the hearts of the Polish soldiers, and their Commander-in-Chief told her that her smile and her friendliness were cherished memories in the heart of every man she inspected on that cold, windy day last winter.

The Queen has added the Polish shield to the little collection of personal souvenirs of the war which she is forming. Another item of this collection is a piece of each of the bombs that fell on Buckingham Palace.

Dinner at the Palace

INVITATIONS to dine with the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace were rare enough and highly prized in the days of peace. Since the war, their Majesties have practically given up formal entertaining, and dinner invitations are accordingly fewer than ever, so that it was as a real mark of friendship that the King invited Dr. Lang to dine at the Palace on the night he announced his impending retirement to Convocation. His Majesty has always had the highest regard for the Archbishop, whom he has known all his life, and he has frequently sought his advice on many matters great and small.

There is every prospect, I understand, of Dr. Lang remaining in the House of Lords to give his fellow peers the benefit of his accumulated wisdom. The King has intimated that he is ready to bestow a temporal peerage on the retiring Archbishop, as was done in the case of his predecessor, Archbishop, afterwards Lord, Davidson.

With Queen Mary in the West Country

THE Princess Royal, who has worked so hard in the last twelve months visiting A.T.S. centres all over the country, studying the girls' conditions of service and making lots



A London Wedding

The wedding of Mr. Henry E. R. Kingsbury and Lady Patricia French took place recently at Grosvenor Chapel. He is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Kingsbury, formerly of Chewton House, near Bath, and his bride is the Earl of Ypres' only daughter. Lord Ypres was himself married in October. His second wife was formerly Miss Violet Irvine

of suggestions for their improvement, took a few days off just recently, and spent a holiday with her mother in the West Country, where Queen Mary has been staying since the beginning of the war.

There has always been a special bond of affection between Queen Mary and her daughter, and those who were there say it was a real pleasure to see them together. Though not so much is heard of Queen Mary's activities in these days, she is leading a very busy life in the country, as all sorts of organisations in the neighbourhood know, and while she was there the Princess Royal went round with her mother every day on her visits.

Queen Mary, by the way, has made an innovation in royal travel. Instead of having a police car to precede her limousine, she has two Army dispatch riders on motor-cycles as scouts—an arrangement that causes her a lot of amusement.

(Continued on page 154)

A Scottish Christening

Gavin Archibald Lyle, the son and heir of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Ian de Houghton Lyle, was christened in Perthshire. In the group are, sitting: Lady Lyle with the Hon. Patrick Boyle, the Hon. Mrs. Lyle and her son, Captain Ian Lyle, holding Lorna, his eldest child, Viscountess Kelburn and her daughter. Behind are Sir Archibald Lyle of Glendelvine, Perthshire, and Lieut. Michael Lyle

A Cheshire Christening

Rodney John Derek Blois, second son of Captain and Mrs. Gervase Blois, was christened on Boxing Day at Odd Rode Parish Church. Captain Blois, who is in the Scots Guards, is the elder son of Sir Ralph Blois, Bt., and Lady Blois, of Cockfield Hall, Suffolk, and married in 1938 Audrey Johnson, daughter of Colonel Harry Johnson, of Boden Hall, Cheshire. They have another son, born in 1939





LER
INDER
1942



Mrs. M. McLaren and Captain Anthony Balfour were at the reception held at Claridge's after the wedding. Captain Balfour, who is a cousin of Lord Lloyd, is in the Scots Guards



The Hon. James Donald Dairmid Ogilvy, the youngest of Lord and Lady Airlie's three sons, rewarded himself with a good square meal after his train-bearing duties at his sister's wedding



Miss Clarissa Churchill was a wedding guest, and was chatting to Mr. Alastair Forbes at the reception. She is the younger daughter of Major John Churchill, the Prime Minister's brother



The Hon. Mrs. Ronald Strutt, wife of Lord Belper's heir, and Capt. the Hon. Nicholas and Mrs. Villiers were other wedding guests. Capt. Villiers is Lord Clarendon's son, and is in the Grenadier Guards

Lord Lloyd of Dolobran, Welsh Guards, married Lady Jean Ogilvy, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Airlie, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields on January 24th. The bridegroom is the only son of the late Lord Lloyd and Lady Lloyd. The Earl of Airlie gave his daughter away. Lady Jean's youngest brother, James, was her only attendant

A Wedding at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

**Lord Lloyd Marries the Earl
of Airlie's Daughter**

*Photographs by
Swaebe*

Lady Mary Harvey was photographed with Miss Georgina Wernher, who is the elder daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher. Lady Mary Harvey is the Earl of Leicester's daughter

Sir John Fitzgerald was with Lady Zia Wernher at the reception. She is Sir Harold Wernher's wife, and is the elder daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia and the late Countess Torby

Lord Andrew Cavendish was with his wife. Lady Andrew Cavendish was, before her marriage, the Hon. Deborah Mitford, Lord and Lady Redesdale's youngest daughter



Social Round-about

(Continued)

Deer-Stalking Princess

PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT has practically recovered from the slight indisposition from which she has been suffering. She is one of the busiest of our royal ladies, though her name rarely appears in the newspapers or the gossip columns. Fully qualified herself as a nurse, she takes a highly practical interest in the nursing home she has been running for the past two years, acting as matron herself.

It is a long time now since she went deer-stalking, but the Princess is one of the best feminine shots with a rifle there have ever been. The hall at her lovely old seat, Mar Lodge, near Braemar, is hung with a wonderful collection of antlers, including several "Royals," most of them shot by the Princess.

Quite Recovered

NICE to see the Duchess of Kent going around again. She has had a very nasty chill, and it refused to be thrown off quickly. So the week or two when she should have been free from engagements and able to have lots of time with her nursery folk had to be spent, instead, in resting quietly and building herself up again. Prince Edward and little Princess Alexandra were not at all pleased about it. The Duchess is a charming mother, and nothing delights her children more than to have her to themselves for a few hours. They had been looking forward tremendously to the end-of-the-year holiday, when she was to have had fun with them without the distraction of public "dates" to tear her away just as a game was getting really exciting or a story-book thrilling.

Back from Canada

IT is good to have Lady May Abel Smith back in this country, although her parents, Princess Alice and Lord Athlone, must be

missing her very much in Canada. She went out there with her small family of three after her father was appointed Governor-General, and was a tower of strength to Princess Alice when she was settling down in Government House. They both did a great deal, too, to encourage Canada's war effort, and Lady May was a popular figure at working parties and small social functions in connection with the Red Cross organisation.

She and her cousin, Princess Juliana of Holland, had some happy times there, and their respective children, naturally, have revelled in each other's company. It is hard to believe that Lady May is the mother of a fine, sturdy boy of nine, and of little girls of ten and five years old.

Another Invalid

ANOTHER invalid who is back at home after an operation, and hopes to be seeing his friends very shortly and going on with his valuable war work, is the genial Belgian Ambassador, Baron de Cartier de Marchienne. Fortunately, the operation was not a very serious one, and his Excellency will be ready very soon to arrange again those popular little social functions at which friends of Belgium are able to meet and discuss the problems of that country and of their friends and relations now suffering with their King under the tyranny of Nazi Germany.

Quiet Christening

Lord and Lady Denbigh have named their little girl Imelda Clare. She had a quiet christening down in Wiltshire, Lord Arundell lending the private chapel in Wardour Castle for the ceremony, and Father Julian Stonor, who has christened a number of well-known Catholic babies lately, officiating. Lord Denbigh stood proxy for his younger brother, the Hon. David Feilding, a second-lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, now a prisoner of war in Germany, who is one of the baby's godfathers. Other godparents were Mr. Tony Heycock, Mrs. Lindsay Bury, Mrs. Cyril Kilner and Miss Joan Holland, who is in the W.R.N.S.

Luncheon

A BIG lunch at the Dorchester heralded a second London season of Mr. Jay Pomeroy's Russian Opera and Ballet presenting Mussorgsky's *Sorochintsi Fair*. Hordes of the Press and the show-business boys were diluted with Members of Parliament and people from Embassies.

Mr. Pomeroy made a speech, mentioning the company's new production, *The Gates of Kiev*; Mrs. Henry Martin, organiser of the Comforts Fund for Women and Children of Russia, spoke; Lord Strabolgi also, and, very amusingly, Mr. James Agate. The proceeds from the opening night on February 2nd are to go to Mrs. Martin's fund.

Members of the company were there—Slobodskaya, Novakowski, Paul Andre, Boleslawski and lots more, and among the M.P.s, diplomats, impresarios and journalists were Sir Patrick Hannon, Mr. Leitgeber, from the Polish Embassy, Mr. Henry Stebbens, from the American Embassy, Dr. Fishel, from the Czech M.O.I., Mr. Jack Hylton, Mr. Bostock and Mr. Tom Webster, who did a drawing on the table-cloth during the speeches.

People

MR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR CHRISTOPHER COURTNEY, the newest holder of that very exclusive rank, was lunching out with his attractive wife. A feature of the place is the proprietor's (Bellometti) vast white dog which ambles about among the tables. He is one of a very rare Italian breed called Maremma, and only the males are allowed out of Italy. They are bred solely by the Marchese Chigi, head of a big Siennese family. His wife was Isabella Colunna.

The Courtneys were dining at the Dorchester the night before with Captain Jumbo Joliffe, as jolly as ever. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny were also visible at this, their favourite home from home; Lord Scarsdale was with a party, and the Duke of Hamilton was there, too. As Lord Clydesdale he was laughingly known as "the boxing Marquess," and led that exciting Lady Houston-financed flight over Everest.

(Concluded on page 176)



A Descendant of the Last High King of Ireland Married in Dublin

Poole, Dublin

The O'Conor Don and Mme. O'Conor Don photographed at Lucan House, Co. Dublin, after the marriage of Miss Mary O'Conor and Flight-Lieut. Luke Teeling. The O'Conor Don is an ancient Irish title. He is a direct descendant of Roderic O'Conor, last High King of Ireland

The wedding party photographed at the reception shows (l. to r.) Miss Marcella ffrench O'Carroll, the Hon. Patience French (sister of Lord De Freyne), little Norah Nash, the Marquess of Donegall (best man), the bridegroom, the bride, Miss Fearga O'Conor and Miss Dorothy Roche. The pages are Hugh Delacey Staunton and John O'Farrell. Flight-Lieut. Luke Teeling, R.A.F.V.R., a well-known traveller and author, is the adopted prospective Conservative candidate for Bury, Lancs. His bride, Miss Mary O'Conor, is a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles O'Conor of Lucan House, and a niece of the O'Conor Don



The Duke of Alba and His Daughter, Lady Maria del Rosario Cayetana

Spanish Ambassador Returns to London

The Duke of Alba, Spanish Ambassador to Britain, has returned to England after fifteen weeks' absence. He went back to Madrid in October intending to stay a few weeks, but serious illness prolonged his visit. He has brought back to England with him his only child, sixteen-year-old Lady Maria del Rosario Cayetana FitzJames Stuart y de Silva, who is known as "Tana." The family name recalls the British ancestry, dating from the association of James II. and Arabella Churchill, of the Duke of Alba and his family. The Duke was General Franco's official agent during the civil war and was appointed Ambassador in March 1939. He and his daughter are living at Albury Park, the Surrey estate of the Duke of Northumberland



Tana With Her Pet Highland Terrier "Pammy"

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THOSE comfortable metal-sprung bunk-beds newly installed at four London railway termini for Service men waiting all night for trains deal a long-overdue blow at the widespread superstition, promulgated largely by the poetry and art boys, that soldiers like sleeping picturesquely on the ground, wrapped in cloaks, great-coats, or blankets.

In a country pub-parlour recently we meditated deeply on this fallacy, contemplating a faded engraving after Detaille, once popular, called "The Dream." A French infantry regiment in the Franco-Prussian war lies asleep on the field on the eve of battle, rolled in its blankets; high above, in clouds of glory, Napoleon and his Guards ride the night sky to victory. No sentries seem to be posted, which is odd; odder still is the fact that though they have no fires, the troops are all dreaming peacefully of Napoleon, whereas anyone who has ever slept one night on the ground in the open, with one blanket or a dozen, knows that without a fire at your feet you very soon start up shivering and wide awake to stare at the Great Bear for hours and curse the terrible slowness of the dawn. ("Run slowly, slowly, horses of the night!" cried the Roman poet. You bet he was cosily hitting the hay, snug as a bug in a rug.)

Footnote

A STILL more curious exhibition of martial flafla by the art boys is that colour-print, also to be found in rustic pubs, showing Generals Buller and White smilingly shaking hands on horseback, amid wild cheers from the troops, at the Relief of Ladysmith. The crude fact being, unless Nanny lies, that these two furious warriors cut each other elaborately dead on this occasion, amid a stony and exhausted silence. Pull your socks up, Auntie Art; the troops are talking about you.

Merger

SOME of the lesser public schools are so sensitive about their social status, like spinsters at tea in the Cromwell Road, that the amalgamation - precedent set by Haileybury and Imperial Services College will have to be delicately followed, if at all, we guess.

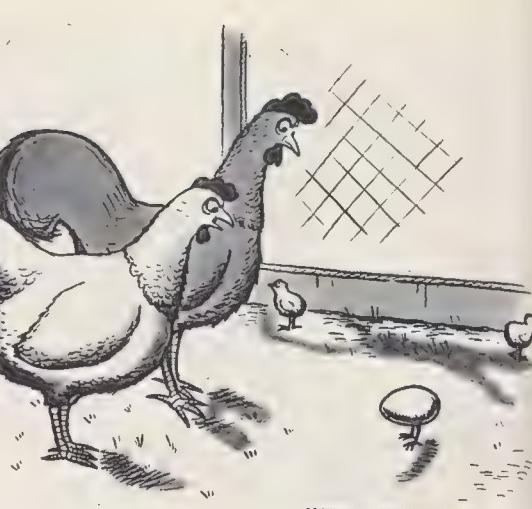
Kipling's old school and Haileybury endured relatively few agonies, maybe, - because Cormell Price, Kipling's "Uncle Crom," an ex-Haileybury master, founded I.C.S. on the Haileybury model, with a few Haileybury hard cases in

the bag to start with. Why some chaps were so shocked when the acid Beresford—M'Turk of *Stalkey*—rose up recently in print to destroy his old playmate's roseate reminiscences, which seemed to annoy Mr. Beresford, we can't conceive. Elderly chaps often indulge in singular babble about their golden schooldays. More balanced chaps who know their Freud, have a duty to Society, and to the fevered victims of Ole Debble Time, many of whom have never recovered from compulsory cricket.

Biologically speaking, the most interesting fusion would naturally be that of Eton, or Winchester, with some prickly little foundation just teetering, so to speak, on the grammar-school line. Quite a Landseer picture, as the actress said to the proprietor of the flea circus.

Shade

"**S**TAP me, darling, thou wert too, too marvellous"—you'd think a buzzing crowd of periwigged, hooped, and red-heeled stage ghosts would throng the old Theatre Royal, Bristol (1766-1942), now up for sale, every midnight chattering like the Ivy Restaurant at lunchtime. But apparently the only eighteenth-century theatre in England, whose side-boxes saw La Siddons storm and rave, has no authentic ghost.



"He's certainly the most backward child we've ever had"

Royal, Bristol (1766-1942), now up for sale, every midnight chattering like the Ivy Restaurant at lunchtime. But apparently the only eighteenth-century theatre in England, whose side-boxes saw La Siddons storm and rave, has no authentic ghost.

This doubtless leaves Mr. Buckstone of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, still leader of the theatre-haunting profession. Most urbane of actors and ghosts, Mr. Buckstone paces frequently with dignity and grace through an old wall in the maze of backstage corridors, returning—so Norman O'Neill, the Haymarket's late distinguished musical director, who often saw him, told us—to his vanished dressing-room after taking a few curtain-calls. Mr. Buckstone makes no protest or noise whatsoever on finding his room gone; only those who have heard a tiny stage idol carrying on at rehearsal because another tiny stage idol has got the room she thinks she ought to have can realise what this means. Furthermore, Mr. Buckstone is the only British star actor it seems, who insists on taking curtain-calls, even after death. You'd think this would be normal.

Frolic

TWITTERING vaguely on the topic of the Commedia dell' Arte, a critic the other day thought a revival of it would be a nice idea for some Service charity matinée, and implied that it had never been performed properly in England. He erred pitifully.

A fine performance, obeying the strict rubrics of the Commedia dell' Arte—in which, as you know, a skeleton outline of plot was pinned up on a batten behind the scenes and the actors had to improvise all dialogue and situations as they went along—was given before a select company in London in the early 1920's; we know, because we ourselves played a minor role. It was a satire on the wayward gambols of Fleet Street, memorable for the apparition

(Concluded on page 158)



"Wouldn't be surprised to find that we were the first white men to penetrate into this part of the bush"

"Lucky Jim" Lawrence at His Surrey Home With His Wife and Family

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Lawrence were married in March 1940. Now they have a baby daughter, Elizabeth Nierda, known as "Bimbo." Walter Woollard Lawrence, eldest son of the late Sir Walter Lawrence, of Hyde Hall, was first christened "Lucky Jim" by his many friends, because of his many narrow escapes on the famous Cresta run. The name was well chosen, for in 1938 "Lucky Jim" was the sole survivor of the Californian air-crash in which Lord and Lady Plunket were killed. Mrs. Lawrence, the former Elizabeth Corcoran, is the only daughter of the late Major W. Corcoran, and of Mrs. A. R. Sykes. Before her marriage she was on the stage. She has understudied Gertie Lawrence, and in Charles B. Cochran's revue, *Follow the Sun*, she had an important part. The Lawrences are living at Bullbeggars, near Woking

Photographs by
Swabco



Family Group. "Lucky Jim" With His Wife and Baby Bimbo

Everyone's War. Baby Bimbo, Complete With Tin Hat, Learns About the Stirrup-pump



Grandma's Girl. Mrs. A. R. Sykes is holding the baby, with Lieut.-Col. Sykes, D.S.O., M.C., and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence in the background



Standing By ...

(Continued)

of the vast figure of G. K. Chesterton in person, draped as Famine, flying from Fortnum and Mason, and crackling with wit. Moreover in this play the actual characters of the Old Italian Comedy, Arlecchino, Pulcinella, Brighella, Colombina, the Doctor, the Capitan, Pantaleone, and the rest, were accurately transposed into modern symbolism, or as near as dammit. The actors enjoyed themselves like billy-ho; the audience seemed a bit numb and dazed, but may only have been drunk, or full of dope.

Next day some chicken-hearted prig-critic wrote obsequiously in his rag that this show was a manifestation of cynical ingratitude to the noble lords who employed most of the cast. So it must have been pretty good, we still think.

Old Bill : By Bruce Bairnsfather



"This unworthy person must now take honourable sir to prisoners' camp, sorry to say"

Goggles

HORN-SPECTACLED, carefully-groomed, clean-shaven, natty-neckweared, burly, steely-eyed Citizen Pucheux, Vichy Minister of the Interior, falsely rumoured to have been slung off the Troyes-Paris express recently, got a low mark from one of the gossip-boys last week for "liking to look like an American go-getter," which is the ambition of every business man in the world. But non-American go-getters invariably go wrong on the spectacles. Long ago the leading Wall Street brigands abandoned horn-rimmed for the more sinister rimless.

The decline and rise of horn-rimmed spectacles is mildly interesting. By the end of the eighteenth century their ancient initial vogue is passing, and the celebrated and amusing Dominican missionary Père Labat, passing from France via Spain to the Indies, pokes fun in his racy memoirs at his Spanish brethren for still going about horn-rimmed like solemn owls. A little later, circa 1830-40, Mr. Sponge's enemy Lord Scamperdale and his yes-man Jack Spraggan

are wearing horn-rimmed regularly in the hunting-field but never on social occasions, for which silver-rimmed are essential. Soon afterwards horn-rimmed vanished from circulation altogether till America recently revived them, Europe followed suit, and poets and engineers, scholars and journalists, grave divines, tiny actresses, the most refined gentlewomen and the vilest City financiers, took to them with passionate zest.

They certainly do impress the populace, as Père Labat remarked, but it is folly for ambitious little business men to wear them now. That cruel, gimlet-like stare, causing serfs to shrivel, is 100 per cent. more terrible from behind rimless. Mercy! Mercy! Oh Sir! Aow! Boohoo!

Direttina

LIKE the political big shot of the 1880's who "forgot Goschen"—a mysterious formula or crack which used to send our grandfathers into fits of laughter over their *Morning Post*, for some reason—we forgot Lily Pons, an opera fan reminds us, when we were discussing the big girls of the operatic racket the other day. Fancy forgetting little Lily Pons!

How this exquisite elfin creature, who could hide in Peter Pan's thimble, ever became a diva of grand opera is a perpetual enigma to us. Robert Benchley's theory about Dorothy Parker a few years ago seems a clue—namely, that Mrs. Parker was once quite a large girl, but the late world war caused her to shrink to her present pocket-size. Maybe La Pons started as the usual 20-stone Brünnhilde, stamping round and raising hell, and something suddenly happened. Perhaps she got into the White Rabbit's house and ate a slice of that cake marked "Eat Me"? Perhaps Tinker Bell mischieved her in spite while sipping a cocktail of butterflies' tears in Wendy's hidey-hut? Anyway, there she is, a delicious humming bird among a pack of ramping ostriches, and it's a marvel she's never been trampled to death on the stage, *pauvrete*.

If La Pons ever took to Wagner she could perch on the average Wotan's finger. Think out the graceful implications of this, but don't write to us, write to Ernest Newman or somebody.

Trick

EXPLOITING a well-known difficulty, Japanese patrols in Malaya have been passing themselves off with varying success, as Malays, Chinese, and even Indians.

This is often quite easy, since few whites of any race can distinguish between Oriental pans (and vice-versa, travellers say). What is not quite so easy is for an Oriental to black his face and palm himself off on the Island Race as a Frenchman. His hair inevitably gives him away, being straight and flat instead of thick and woolly. This point is important. All Gaulish and Latin foreigners have black faces, but if there is lint- or tow-coloured hair on top of it, you are being fooled. Your interlocutor is probably a Swede.

A skittish little million-circulation daily which has recently been working up a busy little hate against Italian war prisoners in this country, on the grounds of their un-English appearance and habits, forgot to warn its little readers, waving their long furry ears in consternation and despair, that after the war the inhabitants of Italy are quite likely to continue in their foreign ways, which they once even had the hardihood to try to impose on our sturdy blue-eyed Saxon fathers. We often feel that if St. Augustine had landed in Thanet in Canterbury Week these influences might have been withstood, rather decently.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Mrs. Henry Tiarks

The Former Miss Joan Barry

and Henrietta Joan

Miss Joan Barry, the stage and screen actress, married Mr. Henry Tiarks, elder son of Mr. Frank Cyril Tiarks, a director of the Bank of England, in October 1936. They have one daughter, Henrietta Joan, who will celebrate her second birthday on March 5th. Mr. Tiarks, in peacetime a keen polo player and astrologer, is now a Squadron-Leader, Balloon Command. The Tiarks have closed their house in Avenue Road, St. John's Wood, for the duration of the war and are living at The Garden House, Stanmore. Squadron-Leader Tiarks's brother, Lieutenant Peter Tiarks, married Lady Diana Finch-Hatton, younger sister of the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham, in 1938. The last time Mrs. Tiarks was seen on the London stage was before her marriage, when she appeared with Ivor Novello in *Proscenium*.

*Photographs by
Marcus Adams*



Latest Portrait : Henrietta Joan and Her Mother

New York Setting for John Van Druten's Play "Old Acquaintance," at the Apollo

"Alas! They Had Been Friends in Youth"



RUDD: "You are still magic to me, Kit."

It is the morning after all-night dancing. In the hard light of day, Kit (Edith Evans) is still entrancing to her young publisher-lover, Rudd Kendall (Ronald Ward). He tells of his hopes of a more important job. He asks her to marry him. But Kit refuses, because, she says, she is too old and their affair was never intended to be permanent anyway.



RUDD: "That sounds like a declaration of hostility."

Deidre Drake (Muriel Pavlow) is staying with Kit for the dance. A young man she meets there takes her places when the dance is over, so that it is after eight o'clock in the morning when she gets back to Kit's flat. Rudd gives her some worldly advice which isn't at all well received.



KIT: "Look, Milly, I can't begin the memoirs of my love life now."

Milly (Marian Spencer), always thrilling to a love tale, old or new, suspects that Katherine gets more out of life than she, in spite of her own greater financial success. She would like to know more of Kit's secrets.



KIT: "Oof! How I hate Christmas! Yes, I'd like a cigarette too, Teresa."

Tired but happy, Kit comes home after a successful but exhausting day's shopping. Her new book is finished. She has made up her mind that she will marry Rudd, and she is happy about it. (Alice Gachet and Edith Evans)



DEIDRE: "I've had three Martinis on an empty stomach, and it tells on a girl."

Deidre, told by her mother of Kit's relationship with Rudd, is heart-broken. She comes to Kit instinctively, as she has done all her life when in trouble, but she comes defiantly. She finds Rudd there. He has just told Kit that he has fallen in love with Deidre and is leaving that night for California.



DEIDRE: "Mother, what have you got on?"
MILDRED: "It's a hostess gown."

Milly has summoned her ex-husband "to discuss the child's future." She is dressed for the occasion. But neither Kit, who has, uninvited, popped in for a quick drink, nor Deidre, who is going to the movies with a boy friend, really approves of her efforts



RUDD: "Please believe nothing's insoluble, and nothing's final, will you?"

Kit leaves the young lovers together. Rudd tries to make Deidre understand that what has gone before is nothing whatever to do with their love for one another. He is going away. It means a good job. He asks her to believe in him no matter what she may hear

The strange, incomprehensible course of human relationships is the theme of this latest Van Druten play, originally produced in America. Edith Evans and Marian Spencer are two women who grew up together in the same home town. Both are novelists, but of a very different school. One writes intelligently at rare intervals. The other turns out an ever-increasing number of silly but popular best-sellers. One, Katherine Markham, is a gracious, understanding woman, witty and intelligent; the other, Mildred Drake, a flighty, insincere poseuse. Mildred had a husband who loved Katherine. She has a daughter, Deidre, who loves Katherine. Katherine has a lover who loves Deidre. So the theme runs. Brilliant acting by a perfectly chosen cast makes this an important play

Photographs by
Swarbrick Studios



PRESTON: "My dear, I wasn't married to you for ten years for nothing."

Once they were man and wife. Now Preston (Ian MacLean) wants to marry again. Mildred has heard of his plans and is determined to upset these. This is the real purpose of her summons. But Preston is wise to her wiles and weaknesses



KIT (having shaken Milly): "I've wanted to do that for years. Now I feel better. Good-bye."

The brilliance of Miss Evans's acting is known. Less is known of Miss Spencer's abilities. Her beautifully ironic portrait of a superficially successful woman is magnificently drawn



EDWARD ARDIZZONE: "West Country Manœuvres :
the Brigadier Inspects the Guard"

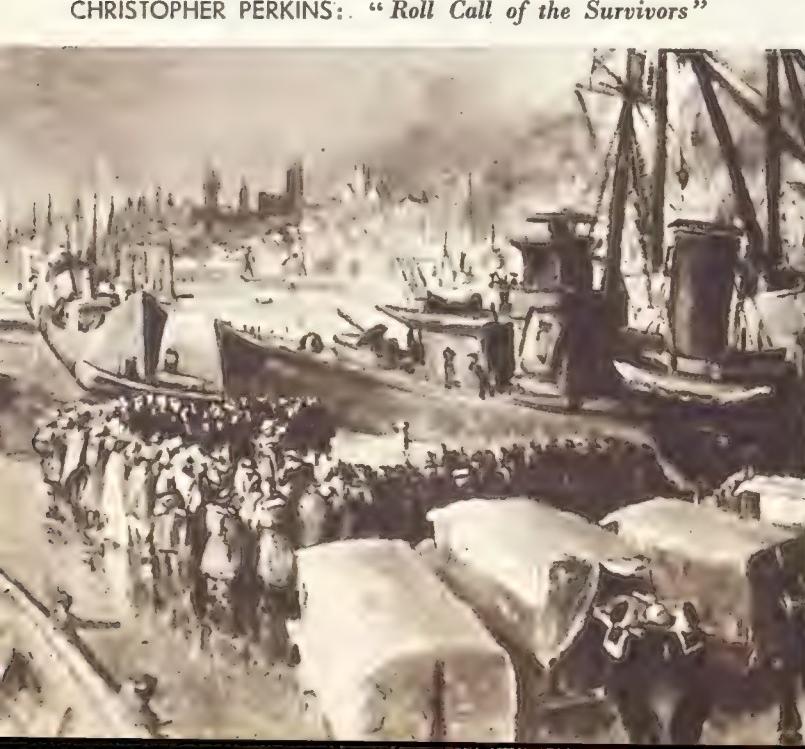
Art and the War

A New Exhibition of War Pictures At the National Gallery

The latest edition of war pictures is now on view in Rooms XV. and XVIII. at the National Gallery. In December 1939, the M.O.I. set up an Artists' Advisory Committee under the chairmanship of Sir Kenneth Clark, to draw up a list of artists qualified to record the war at home and abroad. Last year 300 pictures of war subjects, already exhibited in London and elsewhere, crossed the Atlantic by Clipper, to be shown at the New York Museum of Modern Art. The present exhibition in London contains works by official war artists to the Admiralty, War Office, Air Ministry and M.O.I. Among these are Sir Muirhead Bone, Eric Ravilious, Richard Eurich, Paul Nash, whose "Battle of Britain" is one of the outstanding exhibits, Anthony Gross and Charles Cundall. There are new portraits by Eric Kennington, T. C. Dugdale and William Dring, and several other well-known artists



SIR MUIRHEAD BONE: "The Mining Cabinet"



CHRISTOPHER PERKINS: "Roll Call of the Survivors"



CHARLES CUNDALL: "A U-boat Surrenders to a
Hudson Aircraft"



NASH: "Battle of Britain"



ERIC RAVILIUS: "Bombing the Channel Ports"



ANTHONY GROSS: "Practice Camp: Mixed Battery"



ANTHONY GROSS: "First Meeting with a Predictor"

ERIC KENNINGTON:
"Flt. Sgt. R. Kitto, D.F.M."



T. C. DUGDALE:
"Air Commodore Goddard"



WILLIAM DRING:
"Lt.-Col. P. Picton Phillips, R.M."



With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

"Boney"

DOES history repeat itself? And how often does the same pattern recur, or seem to recur? Within a hundred and fifty years, two men, Napoleon and Hitler, have created—for the world, for Europe, for England—circumstances startlingly alike. They have set in march events that, more and more, follow the same course.

These days in England, one constantly looks back for analogies to the Napoleonic war. And I, personally, have wished that I knew more about the reactions, the behaviour, the feelings, of people in England in those days. So, when my eye lit on Miss Carola Oman's *Britain Against Napoleon* (Faber and Faber; 12s. 6d.), I felt: "This looks just what I want to read." And I have not been disappointed.

Miss Oman's book is intensely topical in its interest. She has had the brilliant idea of assembling, from contemporary newspapers, diaries, pamphlets, letters, cartoons, despatches, and even from gossip-columns and fashion-notes, a detailed picture of the English who faced Napoleon. Her outline of actual history is ably given. But the charm and interest of her book reside in the thousand significant trivialities that she has coloured and shaded in. After all, it is by small things that we live: even in times of stress we remain ourselves.

How alike, and how unlike, was the England of the Napoleonic war to the wartime England of to-day? Miss Oman suggests some contrasts, but brings out likenesses. She is also interested in showing the few similarities, rather than the wide differences, between two dictators whose wish was to rule the world.

We can see now that Napoleon imposed himself by means that, compared to Hitler's, were honourable—by military genius, by his own kind of intellect and by personal strength. He was an out-size, but not an abnormal, man. His aim was to command, but not to poison humanity.

To contemporary England, Napoleon looked like a crook: he outraged all accepted ideas; he was no gentleman. Though he cut no capers, he shared with Hitler a tremendous feeling for the theatrical: he knew how to draw from every public occasion its fullest effect. He liked spectacular architecture;

he established himself, for some time, in an eyrie-dwelling. Like Hitler, he was given to posing for his portrait among children: the Buonaparte nieces and nephews were mustered around him more than once—at a time, it is ironical to remember, when children at the English side of the Channel, scared by the Boney bogey, shook in their little beds.

Then and Now

THE war with France was already well under way when the figure of Napoleon emerged. At the outset, England had found herself up against Revolutionary France, that had just beheaded its king. A number of English people went into mourning for poor, stout, well-meaning Louis XVI.—whom they had already fought, and for whom, in life, they had never cared very much. Aristocratic French émigrés, escaping to England, not only brought with them tales of horror, but made much the same picturesque appeal as the White Russians after the Revolution of 1917. Anti-revolutionary feeling in England ran at a height that the new French Government could not ignore. France declared war on



Fan-Letters for Waste Paper

Sir John Martin-Harvey, who will be seventy-nine in June of this year, has given hundreds of fan-letters and many of his plays and model theatres to aid the national paper drive. Sir John, who was knighted in the New Year's Honours List of 1921, appeared by command before King Edward at Sandringham in 1902 and again at Windsor in 1908. In 1907 he revived "The Only Way" at the Adelphi at the King's special request

England in 1793. (The grand-mannered French émigrés, after a time, became rather a problem to their English hosts—Miss Oman has some amusing passages about this. However, a shadowy predecessor of the Free French movement came to be organised.)

Pitt's speech to the House of Commons, upon the declaration of war, has the ring of to-day:

I think the seven bottles of whisky annoyed us more than anything. We, who for long enough have had to be nippy to get even a glass of beer! I know it annoyed me! And yet I felt I could not condemn him utterly, as most people did.

One should never condemn the very old, who suddenly, for no apparent reason whatsoever, shatter the good reputation of a lifetime. Growing old is not so easy as all that. It is rather like being shut up all alone in a quiet room where, outside, the ivy is gradually and remorselessly covering the windows—an ever-deepening twilight.

The old gentleman was probably very, very lonely. His relatives, knowing the eccentric terms of his will, had ignored him for years. Almost certainly he was difficult, but difficult people are nearly always unhappy people—making them even more difficult. Probably, feeling forlorn and alone, he had sought desperately to gain a fictitious feeling of company.

After the first bottle his lonely room may have been full of dream people, dead lovers, dead friends, and, running all through him, perhaps, a faint fire of his lost youth. Reality became a mirage, and mirage a reality. He drank more and more, for fear the illusion might vanish. At all costs, he must retain the dream-rapture. Then he remembered no more until the police broke in. From the bottom of my heart I pitied him. But I should like to know how he got hold of so much whisky!

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

FOR the last few days, our locality has been all a-buzz! In spite of the war, we have not many excitements. At best, our crescendo of thrills ends only in a sale of work. We are grateful for small scandals and minor accidents.

Judge, therefore, how we buzzed when it became known the other day that a highly respected, very wealthy (these are synonymous in our locality) old gentleman, who lived all alone in a house large enough for twelve, had not been seen for four whole days! It was the milkman who first raised the alarm. He communicated with the old gentleman's doctor. The doctor communicated with the police.

The police broke in. Those who knew the old gentleman were prepared for clean handkerchiefs. Those who didn't—looked forward to a murder! In every case, it was decided that the dear old gentleman must be dead. Such a sad end! All alone, and not on speaking terms with any of his relations!

Alas, however, for the truth when it leaked out! The dear old gentleman was not dead—at least, not in the awe-inspiring sense. He certainly was "dead"—dead drunk, with seven empty whisky-bottles by his bedside, and two dozen empty beer-bottles in carefree rapture upon the floor!

Verbally, of course, we fell venomously upon him in proportion to our disappointment of being cheated of tragedy. "Drunken old swine" was our mildest epithet; though, the town being full of soldiers, some spelt swine with a "b."

One may say that, apart from a few great speeches, the idealistic note was not widely struck in 1793. Youthful English poetic idealism had already exhausted itself in high hopes at the start of the French Revolution—hopes to be dashed to the ground by the Reign of Terror and the official massacres of the guillotine.

On the whole, it was a sober, prosaic England
(Concluded on page 166)



A.T.C. Cadets Visit an R.A.F. Station : By Wing-Cmdr. E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

The Air Training Corps—the R.A.F.'s man-power pool—is a year old this month. It gives elementary spare-time training (four to six hours a week) to some 165,000 boys between sixteen and eighteen, who will then be partly trained, but thoroughly air-minded, when they reach the enlistment age and are ready for service in the R.A.F. The training syllabus was directed by Mr. Wolfenden, Headmaster of Uppingham, assisted by technical advisers. The officers (6500) are local men, mostly schoolmasters, who pass the Selection Boards, and are granted commissions in the Training Branch, R.A.F.V.R. Every town has its A.T.C. squadron and every village its unit; out of every four boys, one is in the A.T.C. Squadrons are affiliated to the nearest R.A.F. Station, and in summer-time the boys camp near the aerodrome and actually work with R.A.F. personnel. Sundays are visiting days and cadets are sometimes taken up for flights. The boys swarm like ants over an aerodrome, asking innumerable technical questions. They are intensely grateful to R.A.F. Station Commanders for their generous help. Our artist is a District Inspector of the A.T.C.

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

that heaved itself out of its comfort to face war. The tranquillity of this country, in this late-Georgian Age, had been very real. The atmosphere was eupptic; any crusading spirit was little in evidence. But the goings-on at the other side of the Channel—in the name of Liberty—had given England a shock. She must now rally to the defence of liberties she knew to be *real*.

Real resentment was felt against France for disturbing a peace that England had been wise enough to enjoy. Anti-Red mania set in; there were many alarms of Revolutionary agents at work in London—in fact, spy-mania, as at the start of all wars. No one liked the war—in spite of parades and send-offs, at which poor George III., already obese and of uncertain mental balance, and his string of unmarried daughters, nobly played their part.

Many people were, perfectly frankly, scared. Invasion might well be imminent. Evacuation plans, for the South Coast, were discussed. Bad news began to come in early: the British expeditionary force, under the Duke of York, was nearly cut off in Flanders in 1794—there was carried out, however, a masterly evacuation from Dunkirk.

Buonaparte's name was first heard in that same year, when, as a young colonel of artillery, he dislodged the British from Toulon. His intimidatingly successful campaign in Italy was watched, from our shores, with pronounced gloom.

In this first phase of the war, only the British Navy at all distinguished itself. The people of England showed rather unguarded gladness when, in the autumn of 1801, peace negotiations were known to be going on. The experimental Peace of Amiens was signed in the spring of 1802—to be called off by Napoleon, now First Consul, after hardly more than a year.

With the second phase of the war, threats enlarged; events took a giant scale. England could now see in Napoleon her personal, declared and relentless foe. Napoleon massed his armies at the invasion ports; Boulogne enjoyed an invasion boom; French salvos could be heard on the English coast; Napoleon had an elegant, pearl-grey, bow-windowed pavilion built on the heights, and from here scanned the English coast through a monster telescope. The invasion flotilla—two thousand shallops, bomb-ships, despatch-boats, caïques, fishing sloops, transports, gunboats, prams and sailing packets—daily awaited orders to sail.

So much—and a good deal more—for the outward order of things in a war that, with a year's intermission, lasted from the end of the French Revolution up to the Battle of Waterloo. Miss Oman, in her *Britain Against Napoleon*, is not, however, out merely to re-tell history, but to supplement with intimate and minute detail. Her book is fascinating because of its period colour, and the endless minutiae that it supplies—what people between 1793 and 1815 said, read, wore, ate, diverted themselves with, gossiped about, ran after, ran away from, made fun of, put up with or made attempts to put down. The interest of comparing the "then" with the "now" is endless.

Miss Oman's is very pictorial writing: *Britain Against Napoleon* flickers like a

film. Human interest is a hundred per cent.; entertainment value is accordingly high. Causes célèbres, crazes—such as that for the Boy Betty, a juvenile star actor—duels (Mr. Pitt, while Prime Minister, was involved in one), landscape-gardening, the delinquencies of the Prince of Wales, and the august naïvetés of the Royal Family, all helped to keep the English in good spirits. The Fencibles—predecessors of the Home Guard—drilled, and young ladies admired them on the village greens. Though the war brought short dinners into fashion, there was no shortage of food.

The break with France, for ever the source of fashions, left fashionable England a little dull. Whig elegants went dashing over to Paris, as soon as the Peace of Amiens was declared, to admire the Empire modes—which, in their lissom elegance, were an extreme reaction from Georgian hoops and powder—stroll round the Exhibition, and watch Napoleon take his place at the Opera. Tourists of all sorts, in fact, went light-heartedly streaming across the Channel, to be trapped when, without warning, the peace shut down.

One certainly gets the impression, from Miss Oman, that our ancestors did not feel the war as we feel war now. Was this because they were shallow-minded, or had they an admirable morale? Perhaps we may take it that Miss Oman's picture of England is not intended to be an all-round one. Having documented herself by wide reading, she is out to write—and has written—a brilliantly entertaining book. Her tone is deliberately light—and to its lightness she has sacrificed what might be discordant, because more spiritual, things.

In one or two places her rather relentless lightness jarred me, and I wished she would rein in her satiric sense. Indefinably, she has a belittling style. Great figures—and England had her great figures—seem to shrink, just a little, at her touch. There was surely, surely, more to England than this? Yes, surely the picture is incomplete?

I should hate, however, to pass an ungrateful judgment on a book so ingenious, gay and informed as to be in almost every way satisfying. From page to page I have been delighted by descriptive passages that I long to quote. I may say that those passages, sometimes side-tracked me, and caused me to lose my place in time—I found myself having to hunt back anxiously to see at exactly which year we had arrived. I like to be clear about dates—they do seem to matter. My un-clearness, as the entrancing story proceeded, may have been not Miss Oman's fault, but my own. But I still feel she could have saved the reader some trouble by adding the date to the heading of every page.

Miss Dorothy Thompson

LAST year, Miss Dorothy Thompson broke *Lon England*: she was with us for a dynamic month. Her vitality, her big heart, her all-observing eye and her active head, that had been a rumour, became a memory. She is a big woman, this American journalist, and she spent her time with us in a big way. Her London headquarters hummed like a dynamo. To put it much more than mildly, she got around. The extent and the quickness of her getting around may perhaps only be realised by reading Mr. J. W. Drawbell's *Dorothy Thompson's English Journey* (Collins; 8s. 6d.). Mr. Drawbell was in charge of Miss Thompson: he, if anyone, is in a position to know. This is a book that leaves one gasping with admiration and with vicarious fatigue. Chain-smoking, talking, swallowing up impressions, giving them out again at top speed on her typewriter (with half the world at the end of the telephone, the B.B.C. held by a frantic secretary and visitors banking up in the ante-room), stumbling over haystacks of flowers, rushing these off to hospitals, addressing members of Parliament, lunchers, listeners-in and dancers on Plymouth Hoe, raising the night-staff in her quest for nail-varnish and her secretarial staff for gloves to visit the Queen—Miss Thompson never let up, except when she slept.

Mr. Drawbell lived through it all. He coped with crises of which Miss Thompson was royally unaware. Sorely as his composure must have been tried, his resigned but lively affection never seems to have wavered—Miss Thompson, for instance, had a high-handed manner of proposing to wash a whole day's engagements out. Her new good ideas were like earthquakes. High tension and comedy—but also the seriousness of Miss Thompson's mission—pervade the whole of the *English Journey*. Mr. Drawbell gives us a brilliant character-sketch of a woman who, for all her amiable selflessness, has in ways the temperament of a prima donna. You cannot read on without liking Miss Thompson better and better—in fact, without liking her as she deserves to be liked. She has the vision and energy that are needed now. For years she has worked to make England and America understand each other. We remain, like Mr. Drawbell, at the end of the *Journey*, with our hats off to her receding 'plane.



Corporal Josephine Maude Gwynne Robins, M.M.

A portrait in oils of Corporal Robins by Dame Laura Knight is exhibited at the National Gallery. Corporal Robins, born in Norfolk in 1919, was a riding instructress before the war. On December 17th, 1940, she was awarded the Military Medal for "courage and coolness of a very high order in a position of extreme danger." Corporal Robins was in a dug-out which received a direct hit. A number of men were killed and two seriously injured. She gave first aid and refused to leave the wounded men until they had been taken to a place of safety.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Pearl Freeman
Mrs. J. P. F. Miles

Ruth Young Dunlop, daughter of the late John A. L. Dunlop, and of Mrs. Dunlop, of the Crossways, Helensburgh, Dumbartonshire, married Major John P. F. Miles, Oxford and Bucks. Light Infantry, son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. P. J. Miles, of Charlton Kings, Glos., at the Church of the Holy Rude, Stirling.



Wolseley — Barry-Power

Captain Stephen Garnet Wolseley, R.A., eldest son of Sir Edric and Lady Wolseley, of Wolseley, Staffs., married Pamela Barry-Power at the Church of St. Frances of Rome, Ross-on-Wye. She is the younger daughter of the late Captain F. Barry and Mrs. W. N. Power, of Old Court, Whitchurch, Herts.



Pearl Freeman
Mrs. J. G. C. Jameson

Mary Trewby, youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Trewby, late of Gabled Lodge, Maidenhead Thicket, Berks., was married to John George Campbell Jameson, Grenadier Guards, only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. G. D. Jameson, of Mile Brooks, Earls Colne, Essex, at the Guards Chapel, Wellington Barracks



Woods — Stanley

Lieut. James Douglas Woods, R.C.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Woods, of Toronto, Canada, and the Hon. Victoria Venetia Stanley, youngest daughter of the late Lord Stanley of Alderley and of the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate.



Scopes — Tenison

Captain F. Vernon Scopes, R.W.A.F.F., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Scopes, of Robin-dale, Drax Avenue, Wimbledon, married Kitty Tenison, younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. W. P. C. Tenison, of 2, Wool Road, Wimbledon, at St. Mary's Church, Wimbledon



Phillips — Spink-Bryce

Ensign William Ransom Phillips, Junior, U.S.N.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Phillips, of Raleigh, North Carolina, U.S.A., and Cynthia G. Spink-Bryce, only daughter of the late T. W. Spink and of Mrs. Chalmers Bryce, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

(Continued on page 170)

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

War Like Cards

IT never forgives: neither do cards! If you commit a cardinal error in either of these games, you are certain to have to pay the penalty. Cardinal Error No. 1 is dispersion of force in face of a superior enemy; Cardinal Error No. 2 is miscalculation of the strength of the opposing force. We have two first-class examples of these errors before us at the moment. The man who advised Cardinal Error No. 2 has had a "stroke"—of a rubber truncheon? Some, who advised against it, have also disappeared. When are they going to bludgeon the fool responsible for the whole thing?

The Red Cross 'Chase

LAST year's winner of this big steeple-chase at Leopardstown, Miss M. O. Mathieson's St. Martin, started second favourite and was much fancied by many in Ireland, but he disappointed badly, and neither he nor the 6 to 4 favourite, Mr. J. V. Rank's Prince Regent, were in the first three, the winner turning up in Mrs. E. McGrath's Durbar, who had only 10 st. 5 lb. on his back and won by twenty lengths.

The conditions this year were somewhat different from last year, when the distance was 4 miles 250 yards: this year it was only 3 miles 300 yards. Last year St. Martin had only 10 st. 6 lb.: this year he had 12 st. 7 lb. Although he won brilliantly last year by four lengths, some of the Irish prophets were none too sure before that race whether so long a journey might not be a bit beyond him. They said if it were a mile short of that, he was almost home and dry before the start, but all the same

they tipped him, and he justified his selection most brilliantly. If they thought him a certainty if it had been only three miles last year, how much greater did the certainty look this year in spite of the two stone extra; but 12 st. 7 lb. is a big burden over any course, especially in deep going.

St. Martin has a grand turn of speed and it is undoubted that he can stay. If his owner thought it worth while to send him across the Channel for the Gold Cup at Cheltenham in March, I should think that he might have a great chance even against the very best that we can produce, for he is a very high-class horse. It demands something with a lot of stamina to come up the hill at the finish at Cheltenham; and it also demands one with brilliant speed. Both these qualities St. Martin possesses.

Ups and Downs

AND as we are talking about this jumping business, no one seems to know quite what to make of Bogskar's recent performance at Worcester, where he started a good favourite in that 3½-miles 'chase, which was won by the 100 to 8 chance, Black Brother, owned and trained by Lieut.-Colonel Noel ("Reynoldstown") Furlong. Bogskar never made an offer at any part of the journey.

Colonel Furlong was another surprised owner, for he had not a sixpence on Black Brother, whose recent performances have not engendered much confidence. He is a great lepper, but seems to win only when he wants to. Early last year he collected the two-mile Bramcote 'Chase at Nottingham, for which he started a strong favourite at 7 to 4. He ran nohow in the Broadwood



A Gallant Commander

Commander H. F. Bone, D.S.O. and Bar, D.S.C., R.N., was photographed in the conning-tower of H.M. Submarine Tigris, which he commands. Besides the Commander, two officers and thirteen of the ship's crew have been decorated

'Chase at Worcester in November (another contest in which Bogskar disappointed his patrons), and his two recent performances in November at Cheltenham were not very convincing; yet he comes out and wins in slashing style against a very classy field in this recent race. I should say that he must be the kind to give any owner a headache. Black Brother had his race well won two fences from home.

Prodigious Fences

SOMEONE has pointed out, àpropos the appalling obstacles of which some hunting artists seem to be so fond, that the ancients were far worse offenders.

I have in front of me a picture by Alken which is very similar to my recent Christmas card. Here we have a bunch of third-class passengers not one of whom is in real command of the ship, and all of whom, bar the one in the foreground, are taking the bumpers for which they have asked. The chap in the foreground is going at least two strides faster than his horse, and he ventre à terre, charging straight for an enormous stile with a double ditch. It is a crown to a Queen of Hearts cake on that he will meet it all wrong, and in the next picture we see this corroborated, whilst the coachman cuts a most inelegant involuntary.

However, Lindsay Gordon was almost as bad, because he describes the place, at which the right- and left-hand men rode down the Vale together, like this: "Solid and tall is the rasping wall. . . . You must have it at speed or not at all . . . the stream runs wide on the take-off side and washes the clay bank under." I ask you!

"The Chair" at Aintree has nothing on this, and it occurs to me that, if the bank was being washed from under the wall, it must have been a peculiar genius who put it in that position, for it was bound to go sooner rather than later. Added to all this, the approach was through marshy ground. Again I ask you!

Deauville Death-Traps

IN the preceding paragraph we have been dealing with obstacles the outcome of the artist and the poet, both using to the full that licence which is supposed to be their prerogative.

Has anyone ever seen the Deauville steeplechase course? Here is a description



Officers of a Searchlight Regiment, R.A.

Front row: Lieut. N. M. Cowan, Captain S. Bennet, Major C. A. G. Gamble, Captain N. B. Donbavand, Lieut. J. A. Taylorson. Back row: 2nd Lieuts. L. S. Standaloff, W. E. Crawshaw, G. B. Classey, F. C. Higgs, S. D. Holloway, Lieut. G. Leyden (R.A.M.C.)



THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER
No. 2119, FEBRUARY 4, 1942.



A Submarine V.C.

Lieut.-Commander Malcolm David Wanklyn, V.C., D.S.O., Captain of the Submarine *Upholder*, was awarded the V.C. last December, for a successful attack on an enemy convoy off Sicily. He is seen in Malta with a 15th-century gun

of some of the fences: (1) a low flying-fence on to a ramp, which runs up to about four feet, with a drop off the end of it stone-faced, so that it has got to be jumped and not done in twice; (2) an in-and-out, both fences double rails—I should think about 3 ft. 8 in. high—with a quickset between them which very successfully conceals the second lot of rails—a bad sort of trap; (3) a very steep ramp with a 3-ft.-high flying-fence at the end of it and a drop of 5 ft. Height from the top of the fence to the course level, 8 ft. As all this has to be taken at steeplechasing pace, I leave what might happen to the imagination.

A Great Dry Bob

DR. EDWARD LYTTELTON, whose death all Etonians who knew him much deplore, was as great a Dry Bob as his immediate predecessor was a Wet one, and he was an even greater hero to the "Landsmen" than Dr. Warre had been to the "Watermen," for he left Eton as a hero in the cricket world, and returned to it an even greater one, with a Cambridge Blue, and the cachet for having skippered one of the greatest University Elevens of his time. Whether he was more deeply versed in his department of athletics than was Dr. Edmund Warre in his, I leave it to others to say. Every Dry Bob who was at Eton in Dr. Lyttelton's days will undoubtedly hold that he was. He was immensely liked both when he was an assistant master and, later, when he returned to the school as Headmaster. Some wags have said that this was particularly so with lower boys, because of his views on the subject of its being possible to learn Greek without knowing much about the grammar of that difficult but fascinating language! Whether this yarn is true or otherwise it is a good one, as also is the one that, after the failure of the experiment of using oars with perforated blades, tried by his great rowing predecessor, he decided that a similar experiment where cricket bats were concerned would prove equally ineffectual. The idea was in both cases (perhaps) to make them come through the water, or the air, a bit faster. A certain remark Dr. Lyttelton let drop in a sermon during the last war earned him a good deal of abuse, but whilst at Eton he was greatly beloved.

A Snapshot from Malta

In this group, photographed in Malta in December, are Major Paul Atkins, the Hon. Mabel Strickland, the Hon. A. B. Cohen, Assistant to the Lieutenant-Governor of Malta, Miss Maureen Hoatson and Lieut. Anthony Collet, R.N. The Hon. Mabel Strickland is Lord Strickland's third sister, who has a house in Malta, and Miss Hoatson is the step-daughter of Sir Edward Jackson, Lieutenant-Governor of the Island



On and Off the Course: Worcester or Cheltenham. By "The Tout"

Farming in Surrey is now a whole-time job for Stanley Wootton, erstwhile master of Treadwell House stable. Mr. J. Vincenzi, a sporting R.A.F. officer, owns, and rides when the weight allows, 'Irish Duke,' who recently won two steeplechases at Prestbury Park, and Poetic Licence. The brilliant chaser Savon belongs to Major "Cardy" Montagu, and seldom fails to carry top weight at Cheltenham. Warden Herbert Smyth, eldest of Epsom's successful brotherhood of trainers, trains for Mr. J. J. Astor. Norman Pegg, leading light of Press Stand, is "Gimcrack" of the "Daily Sketch." Gerry Wilson, champion steeplechase jockey for seven seasons, is likely enough to head the list again at the end of the present one. Mr. L. Webb, a new name among owners' ranks, has a very promising young chaser in Rest Assured. Mr. Webb lives at St. Albans, and trains with Victor Tabor at Kingswood.

Getting Married (Continued)



Clarke—Preston

Lieut. Denzil Robert Clarke, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Clarke, of Woodland Grove, Weybridge, Surrey, and Ismay Elizabeth Preston were married at St. Anne's Church, Chertsey, Surrey. She is the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. R. M. Preston, of Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey



Flowerdew—Stewart

Captain F. Digby Mackworth Flowerdew, R.A.M.C., only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. R. E. Flowerdew, of Woking, Surrey, married Margot Stewart, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Martin Stewart, of Ferndown, Dorset, at Bournemouth



Tuck—Lang

Captain Alasdair Arthur Noel Tuck, The Scinde Horse, son of Major and Mrs. S. A. Tuck, of Bazley Heath, Hartley Wintney, Hants., and Joan Lang, only daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. E. C. Lang, were married at the Catholic Church, West Ridge, Rawalpindi, India



Coleman—Veitch

Major John Coleman, Royal Fusiliers, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, of Shepperton, Middlesex, and Kathleen Veitch, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Veitch, of Little Warren, Loughton, Essex, were married at High Beech, Essex



Betty Beatrice Jones

Betty Beatrice Jones, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Jones, of Englefield Green, Surrey, is engaged to Malcolm Westwood Fearnley, East Surrey Regt., son of the late A. J. Fearnley and Mrs. Fearnley, of Hampton



Abel—Melville

Lieut. George Abel, R.A.O.C., son of Major and Mrs. Abel, of Toronto, Canada, married Sheila Melville at All Saints', Highgate. She is the younger daughter of the late Frederick Melville and Mrs. Jane Melville, of Highgate



Jeans—Mandel

The Rev. John Stanton Jeans, R.N., elder son of J. F. Jeans and the late Mrs. Jeans, of Brockley, and Peggy Mandel, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Leopold Mandel, of 81, Harley Street, W., and Cramond, Shamley Green, Surrey, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Crowden—Anderson

Frederick John Crowden, elder son of the late W. E. Crowden and Mrs. Crowden, married Patricia Maud Anderson at St. Columba's, Pont Street. She is the only daughter of the late Samuel Anderson of Chiswick and Mrs. Anderson



Nash—Farquharson

Major Ronald Owen Nash, M.C., The Cheshire Regt., only son of Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Nash, of Staines, and Doreen, eldest daughter of the late Colonel C. W. Farquharson and the late Mrs. Landon, were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields



BY APPOINTMENT



BY APPOINTMENT



A REAL TREAT

To men who have an appreciation
for fine whisky, a glass of "Black
and White" is always *a real treat.*

"BLACK & WHITE"

"It's the Scotch!"



Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Unpaid Acting

FOR instantaneous explosive effect, show a red rag to a bull, an unshaven chin to a sergeant, an income-tax form to a manual worker, an impromptu gag to the B.B.C., a German to a Russian, or Air Ministry Order number 709 stroke 41 to an officer in one of the ground branches of the Royal Air Force.

Air Ministry faith in scrawls made by civil servants on bits of paper and then industriously handed from room to room, has led to the creation of a fantastic and continuously expanding abracadabra of rank, pay, trade and grade complexities and paper promotions.

Take the relationship between R.A.F. rank and pay. Is it uniform? Is it simple? Is it logical? Is it efficient? Is it fair? Is it in any way satisfactory in time of war? The answers are: No, no, no, no, no and no.

Air marshals are not always what they seem. They may be "acting" air marshals (to use the jargon of the regulations-makers). There are many "acting" ranks who strut and fret their hour upon the stage and then return to their comparatively insignificant "substantive" rank when the Service has squeezed all it wants out of them.

General Duties

NOT only may they be acting the part of air marshals, or whatever it may be, but, unless they are in the general duties branch, they may not even be getting paid for their acting.

Magistrates before now have said harsh words to those shady theatrical concerns which get actors to act and then strand them far from home

and omit to pay them. The Air Ministry is behaving in a manner fully as reprehensible, and no waste-paper screen of printed forms and orders, no accountancy juggling, will hide the fact.

I do not deny the right of the general duties branch to be given more favourable conditions than the other branches. They take the risks and do the real job. They deserve their flying pay and any other reasonable advantages over the ground branches.

In fact, I refuse to quarrel with any sensible Air Ministry arrangement for keeping the general duties man always one step ahead of the ground man. But the present Air Ministry arrangement, whereby the ground man may have an "acting" rank the same as the general duties man, yet not carrying with it the same pay, is unfair, uneconomic, and inefficient.

If a rank means anything, it means that the person holding it is considered by the Air Council to be capable of accepting a certain degree of disciplinary, administrative and organisational responsibility. There is therefore no reason for contriving the fiction of the unpaid acting rank—unpaid, that is, for the set period of one year.

Reason and Rank

THE truth is that the Air Ministry has allowed its regulations to sprout and twist and twine and creep in all kinds of directions in the true civil service manner, without maintaining the link between them and reason.

Look at the rates of pay for airmen. An aircraftman, 1st class, may be getting any of six different rates of pay, according to his trade group. If he happens to be a musician (depressing footnote on the official valuation of the "universal tongue") he will get the lowest rate of all—6d. lower than a clerk, unless his chosen instrument be the trumpet (why this favouritism for the "brazen pipe"?), when it will be only 3d. less.

But, as if all this were not complicated enough, there may be additions to the pay, such as war pay, qualification pay, duty pay, instructional pay, good-conduct pay or—just to add variety—a bonus.

Let us ask again: Is this complication necessary or even sane? The British Commonwealth is fighting for its existence. We cannot to-day afford to tie up thousands of men simply because the authorities are too lazy (to simplify things always demands hard thinking) to get rid of the complications into which the pay structure has gradually wandered.

What is the cure? I propose that all modifications, special clauses, trade groups, extras, additions, subtractions and odds and ends be swept away and the astoundingly novel (because simple), the officially unthinkable (because logical) and the ministerially undesirable (because rigidly just) solution be accepted that rank be directly co-related to pay and that there be one pay for one rank.

Is the country so lacking in gratitude to its fighting men that it will reject such a scheme because it would mean that some of those invalidated out would get higher pensions than under the present plan? I do not think so.

Moreover, I say this—and I say it with the full knowledge of the amount of work that goes into sorting out pay problems—that a scale of pay for rank which would exclude all other considerations and bring simplicity and logic into the picture, would save money, paper, time, temper and man-power.

But simplicity is always hard to get. The civil servant lives on, and is nourished by, unnecessary complication. To propose that an aircraftman, 1st class, should get the pay of an aircraftman, 1st class, and of nobody else; and that an air marshal should get the pay of



Squadron-Leader W. D. Porter is, in peacetime, a keen squash player and golfer. He is seen above enjoying "a good one" with the Adjutant of his station, Flight-Lieut. R. Catchpole, who is a county hockey player. Mrs. Porter captained the Queen's Club women's team which won the Inter-Club Cup just before the outbreak of war

an air marshal, and of nobody else, strikes at the root of complication.

It would mean that, if a flying officer in the general duties branch is in fact of higher value to the country than a flying officer in one of the ground branches, he would be given a higher rank.

After all, why give people ranks graded in order of importance and responsibility and then undermine the structure by according them a different scale of pay? Until we can weed out the professional complicationists from all our Government departments, we shall have difficulty in making progress towards increased efficiency.



Australian V.C. Married in London

Wing-Com. Hughie Idwal Edwards, V.C., D.F.C., was married recently to Mrs. Cherry Beresford, widow of Flight-Lieut. Beresford. Wing-Com. Edwards won the first Australian V.C. in this war for "the highest possible standard of gallantry and determination in attacking Bremen."



Chief of the Air Staff in Washington

Air Chief-Marshal Sir Charles Portal accompanied Mr. Churchill on his recent trip to America and was one of his companions on the historic return flight from Bermuda in a British Airways flying-boat. While in Washington, Sir Charles had many conversations with General Arnold, Chief of the American Air Forces, with whom he is seen above (right).

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Charter*

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CONFIDENCE is the world's most precious need. Without it, the future looks black. With it, the possibilities for betterment are boundless.

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION BY M. E. BROOKE



Everyone is busy and has little time for shopping. Hence Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, have arranged their millinery department on such simple lines that the hats may be seen at a glance; the prices are plainly marked. To them must be given the credit of the models pictured on this page. No, it is not felt but black jersey which makes the hat on the left. It is trimmed with gaily coloured feather pads and a draped veil. The hat on the right is of felt, ornamented with jet beads. Destined to accompany it is a jet necklace, which is remarkably flattering, but this accessory is not shown in the photograph.



Spring suits have arrived in the ready-to-wear department at Jays, Regent Street. They are well tailored, simple and practical, some being almost of the classic character. It is there that the ensemble pictured on this page may be seen. It is carried out in check suiting. The short coat is cut with a new back which is gored above the waist and flares below. As will be seen, the dress is arranged with a hip yoke, stitched pleats appearing below. There are many variations on this theme: the coat may be buttoned up if desired. The dress is complete in itself and will make an ideal background for summer furs.

Peter Robinson



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TWEED SUITS
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- "Coltman" (as illustrated)
- "Beattie" (as illustrated)

All at 11 Guineas
Bust sizes 33-38



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The Hat illustrated with the "Beattie" Suit is in Fur
Felt trimmed rosettes of petersham ribbon. Black,
navy, brown. Sizes 6½-7½. 45/9

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AILOR SUITS
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Smooth Transition...
from winter into spring,
from spring into summer,
in one of our crisply-
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stitch done by hand,
every line the work of
a skilled man tailor.

Prices from 17½ Gns.
The "Broadway" model
sketched is in fancy stripe
Hopsack.

MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE
Oxford St., London, W.1
MAYfair 6600

Social Round-about

Continued from page 154

Receptions

MAJOR VICTOR CAZALET, M.P., liaison officer between General Sikorski and Mr. Churchill, gave a reception. The Polish general was just back from Russia, where he met Stalin, and others at the reception were Prince Peter of Greece, Mr. W. Raczkiewicz, the Polish President, Dr. Benes, the Czechoslovak President, Lady Willingdon, Lord Cranbourne, Mr. Morrison, P.M.G., Mr. Hugh Dalton, Lord Leathers, Sir Cecil Dormer, Mr. A. J. Biddle, Captain Balfour, Major Lloyd, Sir Alexander Cadogan, Sir Malcolm Robertson, Miss Helen Wilkinson, M.P., Lord Ebbisham, Lord Strabolgi, Major-General Sir Hastings Ismay, Lord Winterton, and many more, including members of the Polish and Czechoslovak Governments, representatives of the Polish Army, Navy and Air Force, and of the Diplomatic Corps.

Wedding

LORD LLOYD and Lady Jean Ogilvy were married with plenty of pomp at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. She is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Airlie, and his very clever father, Lord Lloyd of Dolobran was, among other things, Chairman of the British Council.

The bride was in full bridal rig of cream net and satin, with her little brother as page in a white satin shirt and a kilt of the family tartan.

Captain Nigel Fisher, Welsh Guards, was best man, and among the huge mob there were Lord and Lady Airlie, Lady Margaret and Lady Griselda Ogilvy, younger sisters of the bride, Lady Lloyd of Dolobran, the bridegroom's mother, formerly the Hon. Blanche Lascelles, Sir Alan and Lady Lascelles, Lady Morvyth Benson, Lady Dashwood, Lord Ednam, Sir John and Lady Mildred Fitz-Gerald, Lady Gloria Fisher, wife of the best man, Lord Fitzalan, Lady Galway, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Garnett, Lady Jellicoe, Lady Lowther, Lady Leconfield, Lady Spencer and Lady Anne Spencer, Lady Salisbury, Lady Elizabeth Scott, and so on and on. The bride and bride-



Hay Wrightson

Lord Woolton's Only Daughter

Subaltern The Hon. Peggy Marquis is the daughter of Lord Woolton, Minister of Food since April, 1940. She is a subaltern in the Auxiliary Territorial Service. Her brother, the Hon. Roger Marquis, heir to the title, is five years her junior. Lord Woolton was formerly Chairman of Lewis's Ltd., of Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham. His home in Woolton is now occupied by members of the firm evacuated from the cities, and Lord Woolton and his family are most frequently to be found in London where they have a flat conveniently near the Ministry

groom are spending their honeymoon at Lord Lloyd's old home, Clouds Hill, Offley.

Bundles for Britain

There is a representative display of things sent here from America in these famous bundles—all kinds of clothing, blankets, hospital things, cooking and household necessities—in one of the London stores. Also shown are more frivolous articles sold over there to raise money for the bundles—painted glass cigarette boxes, shell beads and things.

Another interesting exhibit is a framed letter to Lady Beatty (who runs the organisation over here, at Dudley House) from Lady Delia Peel on behalf of the Queen, acknowledging over £10,000 in cash, to be distributed by Her Majesty among those needing it. Apparently clothing worth £172,886 was sent over between June and December, 1940.

At the Play

A RETURN visit to *The Man Who Came to Dinner* was a great success, and Mary Alice Collins has an attractive new hair do—a shiny fringe coming forward and turning smoothly under. Besides acting she has been doing broadcasts, written by herself, to American women.

Miss Valerie Hobson was in the audience, with her husband Mr. Tony Havelock-Allen. She had on a mink coat and hat, the hat that new kind with stuff draped all round the back and sides and tieing under the chin. Mrs. Anita Bodley wore the same model: very practical and becoming in cold and windy weather.

Two others in the full house were Major and Mrs. David Heneage. She was Miss Joan Trevilian, one of the loveliest girls the West Country has ever produced.

SAVE ! SAVE !! SAVE !!

First it was your money, then your morning paper, now it's your hot-water bottle, your goloshes, your garden hose, your macintosh. Save—by giving-out, not by hoarding. Shelves and cupboards which are not bare of boarded books and papers are a disgrace to you and your household. What of the bogey-hole under the stairs where lie the children's old Wellingtons, worn-out crepe rubber shoes and plimsoles, and macintoshes long since outgrown? The country cannot wait until spring cleaning days are here. Into the making of every cruiser tank goes 2 cwt. of rubber. Give all you can NOW.

The Gleneagles COSTUME FOR GIRLS

This attractive costume comprises Clan Tartan Kilty Skirt and diced or plain jersey with tie and diced or plain stockings to match. It is a much-favoured dress for school. Prices for complete costumes:—

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7 " .. .	£3 . 7 . 3	14 "
8 " .. .	£3 . 11 . 5	14 "
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10 " .. .	£3 . 17 . 10	14 "

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Headquarters for Highland Dress



Bubble and Squeak

Stories from Everywhere

THEY were a sly pair, the cashier and the waitress. One day, however, they met their match. A man called for his bill and upon receiving it added it up and found that he had been charged a shilling too much.

"How does this come about?" he asked, looking sharply at the waitress.

"Well, you see, sir," she replied, "the cashier bet me half a crown that you wouldn't see it and I bet him you would."

With a smile the customer wrote something on the back of the bill, folded it, and said: "Take that to the cashier."

She did so, and on opening it the two were startled to read: "I'll bet a pound I shall not be here when you get back."

And he wasn't.

THE theatre was in an uproar.

"They're calling for the author," said the manager.

"But I can't make a speech!" replied the man responsible for the play, backing nervously.

The manager grabbed the playwright and impelled him along the passage. As he shoved him towards the curtain he said, curtly:

"Well, just go in front and tell them you're sorry."

THE teacher at the village school was leaving and was being presented with a clock and a purse.

The vicar, who was presenting these, said:

"The contents of the purse will in time disappear, but this clock will never go."

THE old lady was out for a drive in her pony cart and managed to get involved in some Army manoeuvres. As she approached the bridge a sentry stopped her.

"Sorry, madam," he said, "you can't cross this bridge. It's just been destroyed."

The old lady peered at it through her spectacles.

"It looks all right to me," she murmured. Then as another soldier came along, she asked:

"Excuse me, but can you tell me what's wrong with this bridge?"

The soldier shook his head.

"Don't ask me, lady," he replied. "I've been dead two days."

The dear old soul gently collapsed.

THE bus conductor handed back the shilling to the woman passenger.

"This coin is no good," he told her. "It's a dud."

"Ridiculous!" she snapped, and then examined the coin. "Why, it's dated 1921. It would have been noticed before this if it had been bad."

"I DIDN'T run after you when we were courting," said Mrs. Browne.

"No," replied Mr. Browne. "A trap doesn't run after a mouse, but it catches it."

THE minister was asking one of his flock why he had not attended church recently.

"Well, you see, sir," said the man. "I've been troubled with a bunion on my foot."

"Strange," said the parson, thoughtfully, "that a bunion should impede the pilgrim's progress."

(Concluded on page 180)



Frank Buckingham

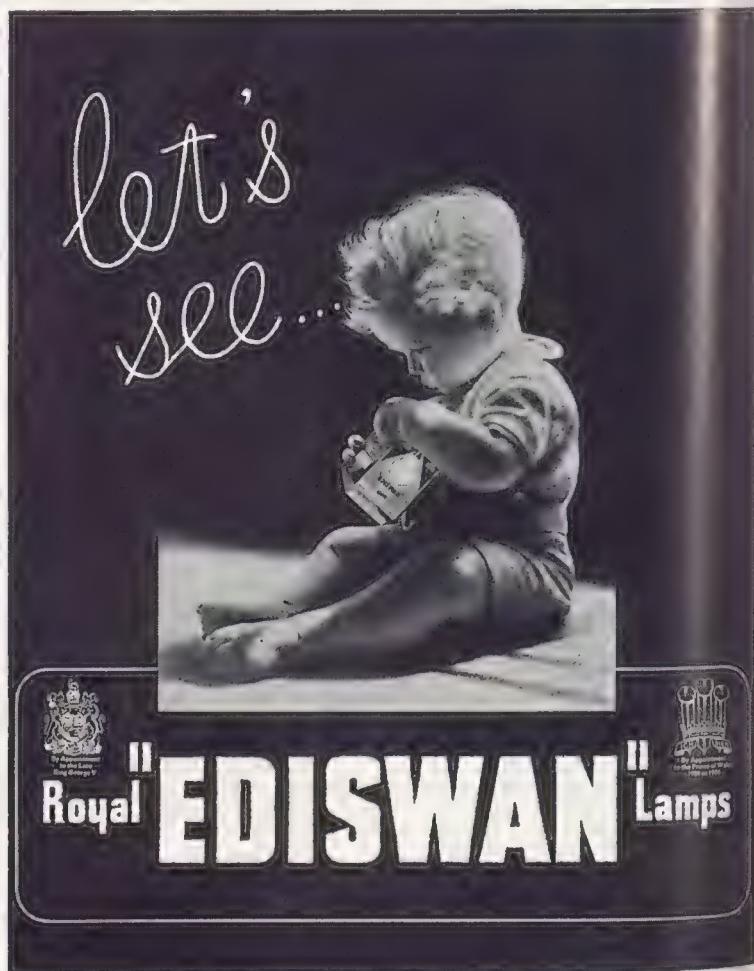
Margaret McGrath Heroine
of "The Thin Blue Line"

Charles Graves's best seller has a heroine. In the book she is called Judy Gordon. In real life her name is Margaret McGrath. Margaret is one of the beautiful Windmill girls who worked all through the blitz on London. "Heart of a City," a play by Lesley Storm about these girls and their life during those weeks, is to be produced on Broadway by Gilbert Miller this month. Margaret is deservedly portrayed in the play, for during one of the worst raids she rescued two horses from a burning stable and led them to safety. For her heroism she was given a silver cigarette case by Sir Garrard Tywhitt-Drake

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"ANY QUESTIONS?"



The first question comes from Mrs. Dixon, of Oldham. She asks: "Which are the best biscuits?"

The Philosopher: "There are many good biscuits on the market; personally, I prefer Carr's Biscuits on account of their high quality. That probably accounts for the increased demand and occasional shortages. Fresh supplies are constantly arriving. I understand, for in spite of a large number of their Staff away helping the National war effort, output is being maintained."

The Citizen: "Well, Carr's invented biscuit-making, didn't they? So they ought to be good! Production is greater than ever and is shared between the Services and Shops."

DEFINITELY WORTH WAITING FOR
CARR'S BISCUITS

*Carr's of
Carlisle*
A Necessity
and a Luxury
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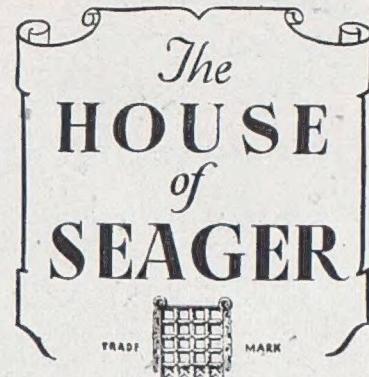
Coupons are well spent on
a good Tailormade



One of our new spring designs for town or country tailormades, in a Munrospun cheviot. The high-fastening coat is lined throughout, and features four novelty pockets; well cut skirt with panel pleated front 16½ Gns.

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GIN	17/-
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For over half-a-century, medical men have recommended the regular use of Kutnow's Powder in cases of rheumatism, lumbago, gout, sciatica, etc. All the active medicinal principles of the famous Carlsbad mineral springs are presented in Kutnow's Powder, in an agreeable and improved form.

Thus, a dose of Kutnow's taken in cold or warm water first thing in the morning, in effect, gives you a Spa treatment at home.

KUTNOW'S POWDER

In a smooth, gentle way, Kutnow's Powder regulates bowel action and is a most efficient corrective for disorders of the liver, kidneys and alimentary system generally. By cleansing the blood-stream and eliminating all excess of bile and acids, Kutnow's Powder raises the general tone of the body.

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START YOUR DAY WITH KUTNOW'S



BATTERSBY
LONDON HATS

Every bottle of Kutnow's effervescent Powder bears the 'Deer Leap' of Carlsbad registered trade mark and facsimile signature S. Kutnow & Co., Ltd.

Bubble and Squeak

(Continued from page 178)

ON a sentimental pilgrimage to the old home town, an elderly couple lingered at a street corner.

"Do you remember, John," the old lady sighed sentimentally, "we always used to meet here when we were courting?"

"Yes, my dear," replied her husband, "but that sign wasn't there then."

And he pointed to the notice which read:

DANGEROUS CORNER:
GO SLOW.

A FAMOUS alienist was visiting Bermuda and a certain prominent official happened to meet him. The official, after discovering to his surprise that the alienist was an authority not on immigration, but on the mentally unsound, asked him:

"Doctor, how do you really tell if a person is insane?"

"Oh, we merely ask him a few ordinary questions which ordinary people can answer correctly."

"What type of question?"

"Well," replied the alienist, "this is the sort of thing. Captain Cook made three voyages round the world and died on one of them. Which was it?"

"Oh, I say," objected the official. "I think that's a bit steep. I'm not very good at history."

THE boy pointed out two men who were in the midst of a terrific fight. The policeman finally succeeded in separating them, and, turning to the boy, he asked:

"Which one is your father?"

"I don't know, sir. That's what they were fighting about."

THE lady of the house was giving her maid notice to leave. At the end of a long list of the girl's misdeeds she wound up her tirade by saying: "And don't forget when you came here you had the audacity to say that you'd worked only in the best-class houses."

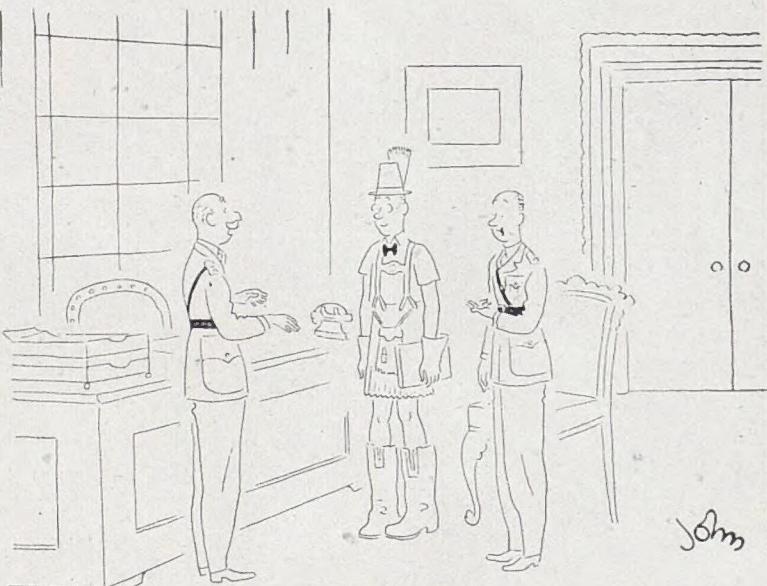
As she paused for breath, the maid replied coolly:

"Well, ma'am, I won't ever be able to say that again."

IT was the first time the Home Guard recruit had done night guard duty. His nervousness was increased by the knowledge that the Zone Commander was expected to visit the post. In consequence, when he heard footsteps approaching in the dark, he became flustered.

"Halt!" he shouted with a fine show of ferocity. "Who am I?"

He was told in some detail.



"This is the new correspondent to the 'Esperanto Echo.'"

JOHNNY came home with a black eye and his mother said: "I told you, Johnny, only to play with good little boys; good little boys never fight."

"Well," said Johnny, feeling his eye, tenderly, "I thought Percy was a good little boy till I hit him."

A LITTLE girl of five was entertaining two visitors while her mother was getting ready. One of the visitors remarked to the other with a significant look, "Not very p-r-e-t-t-y," spelling the last word.

"No," said the child, quickly, "but awfully s-m-a-r-t."

THE old lady had been pestering the sailor with many tedious questions about his work.

"So you're a minesweeper, are you?" she asked. "And where do you sweep the mines?"

"Oh, just round the top of them, lady; where the dust settles," replied the sailor, in fed-up tones.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



Come where
the sun shines
longer

HERE is a sun-trap, amidst sub-tropic loveliness, where rest and bright recreations are accompanied by all modern amenities, H. & C., and gas or electric fires in bedrooms. Good food from our own farm. Lift, central heating.

Fully Licensed (choice wines)

Modest terms for winter or permanent residence.

Members of H.M. Forces and their families specially welcomed.

SPECIAL DISCOUNTS TO
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Write to A. T. Purkis—

PALM COURT HOTEL
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KNOWN FOR 25 YEARS AS SPETON

GYNOMIN
Brand Trade Mark
ANTISEPTIC TABLETS
PROMOTED GYNOMIN

ENDORSED BY MEDICAL
PROFESSION

British made and owned
exclusively by Coates & Cooper
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Free on request in plain sealed
envelope, Brochure T.18—
"Planned Parenthood."

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KEEP FIT

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—good value and
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To Measure

Jodhpurs 34/- to 90/-
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Jodhpurs 45/- 55/- 70/-
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Outfits—a speciality

Goods sent on approval
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of Values**

In the days before the war the finest value in French Sparkling Wines was

**GOLDEN
GUINEA**

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Sparkling Muscatel

As the war has stopped shipments from France you cannot buy it but you can invest what you save in War Savings Certificates—the finest Investment Value today!

HELP THE WAR EFFORT

Quality

BUILT ON 150 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

There is much in a name when it represents more than 150 years' specialised experience. And for that reason the name HOWARD'S is acknowledged to be synonymous with 'the best.' Associated with Aspirin it signifies purity, reliability and rapid disintegration which is one of the secrets of therapeutic efficiency.

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See the name 'Howards' stamped on every tablet

From all Chemists

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MINISTRY of HEALTH SAYS:
**COUGHS & SNEEZES
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VAPEX
The Magic Drop

**WILL STOP
THAT COLD**

USE VAPEX at the first sign of a cold and it will be cleared promptly and safely. Breathing VAPEX removes the stuffiness by penetrating to the source of the infection—the warm recesses of the nose and throat—where it destroys the breeding germs.

If you have let your cold develop, VAPEX will shorten the attack, ease the breathing and clear the bronchial passages.

A drop on your handkerchief. Simply sprinkle a 'magic drop' of VAPEX on your handkerchief and breathe deeply from it frequently during the day. At night put a drop on the end of your pillow. All symptoms of your cold will soon be gone.

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by ODHAMS (WATFORD) LTD., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts., and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. February 4, 1942. Re-entered as Second-class Matter January 9, 1941, at the Post Office at New York, (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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